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CRICKETANA.

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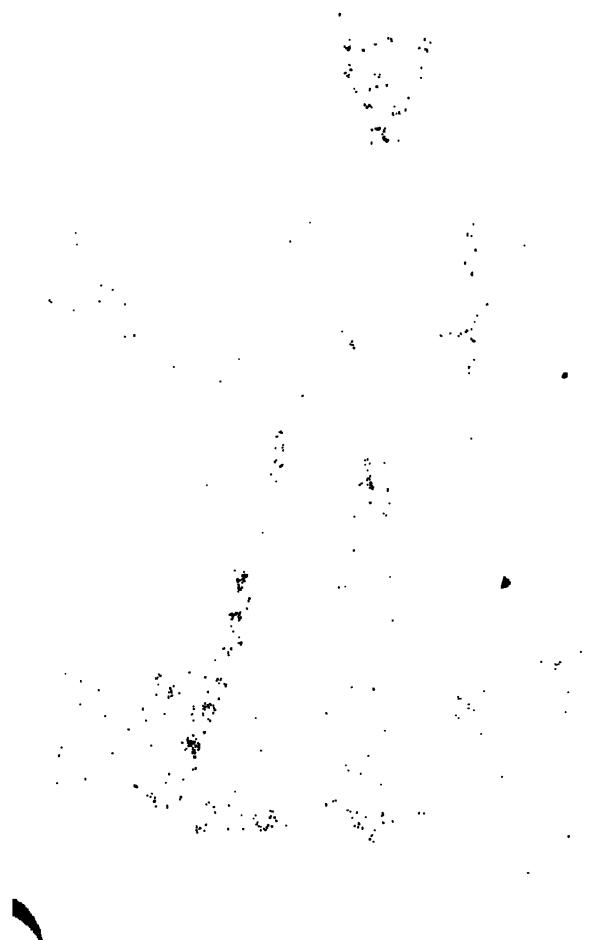
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CRICKETANA

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CRICKETANA.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'THE CRICKET-FIELD.'

James Pycroft

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, & GREEN.

1865.

268. c. 26.



INTRODUCTION.

THE following chapters contain a series of papers contributed to 'London Society' in 1863 and 1864. This will naturally account for some little repetition of incidents illustrative of more than one subject.

It might appear that the matches which gave rise to the several papers had by this time lost their interest; nevertheless it is hoped that the observations and remarks which those matches called forth, as also anecdotes and sundry points in the history of Cricket, have more than a mere temporary value for all who would be well informed as to the rise and progress of our national game.

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CRICKETANA.

‘Idle hours’ not idly spent.

CHAPTER I.

THAT ‘all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,’ is one of the many old proverbs of which modern science is daily showing the why and the wherefore. ‘It is only recently,’ said Lord Palmerston, ‘that the world has become aware that a vitiated atmosphere has anything to do with the bills of mortality.’ It is only recently that those who ‘minister to the mind diseased’ have learnt, as Robert Southey warned his son, that ‘a broken limb is not half as bad a thing as a shattered nervous system.’ Still less has it been understood that this delicate complexity of fibres, by which the body can mysteriously send gloomy telegrams to the brain, and the brain send back electric shocks and most effective knockdown blows to the body, has any right to feel aggrieved simply because the

head (say of a City man) is turned into a busy office for some five hundred thoughts a day, all of the same monotonous hue and complexion, to bustle in and out, between the hours of ten and five !

But deeply aggrieved by all this the said nervous system does feel after a time. We have heard vulgarly of men being inwardly fretted to fiddle-strings, and having no more command over their angry words and harsh replies than a barrel-organ has over the tunes it shall play. Certain it is that, by the intensity of business, many a man's sensibilities are pared to the very quick, and his heart, like the dial of the central telegraph, is framed to respond to a thousand calls.—A savage will hear, unmoved, that his doom is death : the City man pales and trembles at the postman's knock.

Let us follow and observe one of these good men thus living at 'Agony Point.' What a mercy when he has returned to his 'happy home' at Clapham or at Kew !—Not quite so happy always, for the same chords throb and vibrate long after the motive power has ceased to twitch them.

Let us, then, alter our phrase and say, 'What a mercy when he is in bed and asleep !'—'To sleep ? perchance to dream,' and to have an unruly family of shares, mines, 'sols, and every quotation on the 'Change-list racing up and down the stairs of his mind all night long. Besides, if he does per-

chance sleep by night, that is not quite enough :
how shall he throw off the painful load by day ?
How

‘ Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart ?’

—— ‘ Hurrah ! delightful ! See there, behind that mass of rock, knee-deep in Cording’s patent, and the gurgling stream—*quantum mutatus ab illo* ! our worthy friend of Threadneedle Street. It’s no use shouting : for, the roar of that mountain stream—he is whipping away under the waterfall—has filled his ear. It’s no use waving or signalling : that man sees nothing but the eddies and his salmon-fly. Look ! see how he whirls an aerial circle of silk and hair around his head, within which magic sphere none of the old city phantoms has power to enter. There’s true diversion for his anxious thoughts ! There he enjoys dreams at noon-day, and hears no more the distracting city buzz in his beehive temples. There, too, be sure, nature’s own counter-irritant is set up ; a new electric current is fast recharging the exhausted battery of the hard-used brain ; and, in six weeks’ time, our friend will return so bold and lion-hearted that he may actually hear of a fall of an eighth per cent. without a twitch of his facial muscles.’

One day last summer we were hurrying west-

ward in the afternoon, when one of these busy gentlemen rushed by us, with four or five others at his heels, making a kind of race for the identical cab to which we were leisurely proceeding, and, as it happened, for the very same 'fare.' 'Where to, gentlemen?' said the driver to the two insides. 'To Lord's, like fury,' was the curt reply, and off went the Hansom, with a flip under the flank to start with.

We are now at Lord's. The match is the All England Eleven *versus* the United All England Eleven,—very like the 'four-and-ninepenny hat shop' *versus* the 'true original four-and-ninepenny hat shop,' which, after months of recriminating abuse to attract partisans for each party, proved both to belong to the same smart Barnum of a man!

How crowded is the field! You can hardly find standing-room. The ring is three or four deep all round the ground.—Four or five thousand men are there, each man's visual rays converging, as intently as at Epsom or at Ascot, to one single point; and there they stand, and have been standing, many of them three or four hours without moving, every man with mind as abstracted as in sleep, from all business cares, and with a stream of thought wholly new, and a health-restoring vital current passing through the brain.

A pack of hounds is a blessing to a county. The

music of the pack sends a joyous thrill through hundreds who never ride to hounds. Off goes the doctor, down the lane, and overtakes the parson on his cob. The blacksmith has dropped his hammer to climb the nearest hill ; and, (as we once knew,) the squire’s wife leaves the delinquent Abigail half discharged to catch a sight of the dogs, and it is half an hour before she comes, breathless, back to her kitchen to settle with the saucy delighter in perquisites all about the legitimate warning of ‘this day month.’ But a hunt is nothing to a cricket match, as regards the thousands entertained and ‘ripping up the sleeve of care.’ At Birmingham, Manchester, or Sheffield, a hundred and twenty pounds have been taken at ‘the gate’ in sixpences, threepences, and pennies, and representing nine or ten thousand eager spectators of the strife.

CHAPTER II.

LORD'S CRICKET-GROUND AND THE EARLY LONDON CLUBS
—MARYLEBONE CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE LATELY PASSED
AWAY.

CRICKET, among other field-sports, being so highly conducive to health, no wonder that men high and low, and of all degrees, play, and play it out of principle—that is, because they like it. We seriously maintain it is good for them; and that, while *mens sana in corpore sano* is essential to seeing straight in the path of prudence and walking straight in the path of duty, we certainly ought to have the satisfaction of feeling very virtuous while we so amuse ourselves.

But of those who enter most seriously into the sport, we must chiefly mention the M. C. C. and the Zingari.

A few words shall be devoted to each.

What can we say new of the M. C. C.?

One way of saying things new is to rescue old things from oblivion; and few of the rising generation know anything of the origin of the M. C. C.

Since the beginning of the last century the famous Hambledon Club, in Hampshire, as well as the Counties Kent and Surrey, used to play matches, creating interest far and wide, quite equal to any race for county stakes in these days. Earl Winchilsea and Sir Horace Mann were so ambitious for the honour of their counties, that—even as Fuller Pilch received an annuity to live where he could claim to play on the side of Kent—they were, even in those early and unsophisticated times, quite alive to the policy of retaining a good player as bailiff or as gamekeeper, though good for little else than to add strength to their Eleven.

Cricket, about this time, must have required noble patronage to rescue it from the category of vulgar games: for, Robert Southey thought it was not generally deemed a game for gentlemen in the middle of the last century. . Southey, in support of this opinion, quotes a paper of the 'Connoisseur,' dated 1756, in which one Mr. Toby Bumper's vulgarities are thus enumerated: 'Drinking purl in the morning, eating black puddings at Bartholomew Fair, boxing with Buckhorse; and also that he was frequently engaged at the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets.'

Most truly times are changed. Fancy a gentleman nowadays losing his character, instead of

gaining one as good or better, by practising at Lord's, and being one of the best bats of his day!

Still at this early date there were men who either disdained the ignorant prejudice against our noble game, or else found those to countenance them in cricket as a respectable and worthy pastime. For Horace Walpole, writing in 1749, says the clergy were the great players; and Lord Montford took as much pains as the late Benjamin Aislaby, Esq., for many years secretary of the M. C. C., to bring a good field together. Horace Walpole's words are: 'I could tell you of Lord Montford's making cricket matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play on Richmond Green.'

Add to this, that within one year of this very date, in 1748, there was an action at law, recorded in Waller's Reports, to recover two bets of £25 each, laid on a match of the County of Kent against All England.—The question raised was whether cricket was an unlawful game within the meaning of the Statute of the 9th of Anne against Gaming. The Court very sensibly held as follows:—'Cricket is (to be sure) a manly game, and not bad in itself, but only in the ill use that has been made of it in this case by betting more than £10 on one match: that is bad, and against the law.'

The Artillery Ground was the oldest metropolitan ground on record. Matches on that ground

were advertised in the 'Daily Advertiser.' The following sounds quite modern, copied from that paper in 1754 :—

' Artillery Ground, London.—On Monday next will be played a Cricket Match of five a side : Faulkner and the two Harrises, John Frame, and Darling, against John Mansfield, John Bell, John Bryant, little Bennet, and William King, for a guinea a man. The wickets to be pitched at twelve o'clock. The match to be played out.'

The propriety of the game, from its mixed character, as also from the gambling it involved, certainly was a matter of discussion about this time ; because, in the 'British Champion,' in 1743, a correspondent writes, among other observations :—

' I have been led into these reflections by some odd stories I have lately heard of cricket matches, to which, but for eye-witnesses, I never could have yielded any belief. Is it not a very wild thing to be as serious in making such a match as in the most material occurrences in life ?'

Then at this date cricket matches did excite the warmest interest, undoubtedly.

' Would it not be extremely odd to see lords and gentlemen, clergymen and lawyers, associating themselves with butchers and cobblers in pursuit of their diversions ?'

The writer then complains of the game being

made, just as at Lord's now, 'the subject of public advertisement, to draw together great crowds of people, who ought all of them to be somewhere else.'

He further complains that—

'The advertisements most impudently recite that great sums are laid. So some people are so little ashamed at breaking the laws that they had (from their high position) a hand in making, that they give public notice of it.'

The game that the said noblemen and gentlemen had learnt in the Artillery Ground, near Finsbury Square, they afterwards practised in the White Conduit Fields. This White Conduit Club consisted of Lord Winchilsea, Sir H. Mann, and all the leading patrons of the game. The exact date of the formation of that club cannot be ascertained; but it was in the year 1787 that the Marylebone Club was formed of its members, and used to meet early in each season at the 'Star and Garter,' in Pall Mall, to discuss the laws of the game over their wine—which laws grew up gradually, with almost as many alterations and additions as there were years, during the last part of the last century. The gradual growth of the constitution of these laws we reserve for development in another chapter.

One of the attendants on the White Conduit Club was Thomas Lord, a Scotchman, said to have

fled to London because, from his Jacobite predilections, his native land had proved unpleasant. Lord, very like a Scotchman, perceiving a demand for cricket accommodation, set up a supply, and, being promised support in the year 1787, took a piece of ground where now stands Dorset Square, which ground soon went by the name of ‘Lord’s.’

From the time this first ‘Lord’s Ground’ was formed, the White Conduit Club was re-established, or became the nucleus of another, under the name of the M. C. C.

From the site of Dorset Square, strange to say, Thomas Lord afterwards removed, not only himself and bats and balls, but the very turf on which those balls had rolled and bats had played, to a second field, still called Lord’s, at South Bank, near the Regent’s Park. From South Bank, driven by the cutting of the canal, he next removed the same turf once more to the land so long in possession of Mr. Dark, which is the veritable ‘Lord’s Cricket Ground’ of the present day.

Thomas Lord had many ups and downs in life. Lord and his ancestors were Roman Catholics, and had all their property confiscated—as Mr. Haygarth, in his ‘Cricket Biographies,’ written with so much care and industry, has collected—by taking part in the Rebellion of 1745; so that Lord’s father had to work as a labourer on the very farm which once belonged to him. Thomas

Lord was at first a mere bowler on the ground of White Conduit Fields, but afterwards the proprietor, *unde* 'Lord's,'—also a wine-merchant, residing in a house looking on to 'Lord's.' He only died seven years since, aged seventy-four, at Westmeon, in Hampshire, where he retired in his old-age.

We need make no apology for saying thus much of a man who in any honest way left a name of world-wide celebrity.

But there is a gentleman whose name deserves to be remembered in connection with Lord's—even longer still—the name of Mr. William Ward, once Bank Director and Member of Parliament. Mr. Ward's name is chiefly known to the rising generation as having made the longest score on record—278; but it was only against Norfolk, an inferior Eleven, though Mr. Budd, a man given, bowled on their side. But Marsden made 227 against W. Clarke and Tom Barker 1833; and Mr. E. H. Grace, in the year 1863, at Canterbury, made 192, and not out, against much good bowling, and on very rough ground. He afterwards got, reckoning catches and stumping, every wicket in the second innings of the same game. Mr. Grace's play on that occasion, regarded as a whole, far surpasses Mr. Ward's, and is decidedly the greatest achievement on record. The M. C. C. presented him not only with a bat, but with *the* ball set on a stand, with a silver plate suitably inscribed.

About 1825, as Thomas Lord wished to retire, and there was great danger of so valuable a piece of building-ground being soon turned, like the old ground, into another Dorset Square, or covered with St. John's Wood villas, Mr. Ward very patriotically purchased the lease, though only to be obtained at a very high price. In the year 1836 Mr. Ward had, from altered circumstances, retired from his mansion in Bloomsbury Square, fashionable enough in those days—a house remembered by many a Wykehamist; for Mr. Ward, bred at Winchester, had regularly a Wykehamist supper on the occasion of the School Matches. The remainder of the lease was purchased by Mr. Dark. Mr. Dark has been connected with Lord's for fifty-seven years—believed to have begun life as a boy on that ground. Dark was once a fair slow bowler. In 1835 we saw him bowl 'slows' for the M. C. C. at Oxford, but without much success.

The M. C. C. always exhibited the best play in any part of England within reach of London,—a small circle comparatively, before the days of railways; and went on gathering strength, until in 1853 the 'Club and Ground' played and beat All England. The records of matches in the books of the M. C. C. commence with the year 1791. The Pavilion was burnt down between the first and second days of the Harrow and Winchester match in 1825, when the oldest scores perished.—Copyists

employed to preserve certain scores seem to have done their work very carelessly.

Many great men have, at some time of their lives, been connected with Lord's and the M. C. C.—*Great* in more senses than one. Lord Frederick said of Mr. Ward that he was too big to play at cricket; but there have been bigger men than Mr. Ward very useful in their way. James Burt's playing weight was nineteen stone, Mr. A. Mynn's as much, and Brown of Brighton played from sixteen to eighteen stone. Mr. Benjamin Aislaby must not be forgotten. His playing weight—for he did play—the part of running, both in field and at wicket, done by proxy—an indulgence granted to his years—must have been as *great* as either of those already named. For his long services as secretary, the M. C. C. honoured this gentleman with a request to sit for his bust, now in the Pavilion. Mr. Ward loved a joke, even to the very verge of puns; and, being rather jealous, he remarked to the writer, 'Humph! if they *are* going to take old Aislaby's bust, they had better make haste, or he'll *burst* first.'

Many very good, genial, honest souls, with very much of nature's gentlemen entering into their composition, have left a name often mentioned among the elders both of the Pavilion and of the 'Ring.' Two of these worthy fellows especially recur.

The first is Saunders, a very elegant player, and one of the finest cutters ever seen. His style was new at that day : instead of shifting the pivot foot to cut at off balls, he crossed the other over, as Pilch used to do, and as some few good batsmen do now. The Players call this 'cutting with the left leg.' Carpenter never practises or teaches any other style. Saunders's health began to fail, with symptoms of consumption, about his twenty-eighth year, and the M. C. C., in pity for him, were about to leave him out of the great match of the season, in order to spare his strength ; but poor Saunders was deeply affected at its being thought he was fit to play no longer, and exclaimed, 'Happen what will, I must play one match more.'—'We could not refuse him,' said Mr. Bennett, 'and he played. Never did Saunders play in finer form ; but this was his last match. He sank from that time, and never played again.'

The second of our favourites was James Cobbett. No man was ever more popular as a player, either among the professionals or their employers. He was by far the most easy in delivery, and the fairest of all round-arm bowlers. His hand never seemed above his elbow, but quite horizontal, and the ball went skimming and spinning from his hand. As Cobbett bowled to you, till the ball touched the ground it looked as plain and easy as bowling could be ; but at the pitch it spun into

the wicket with an increase of speed we rarely, if ever, have seen equalled. Buttress, however, is very great in this way, and as a bowler, in his best days, is second to none at the present day. While Cobbett lived, scores tediously long were almost unknown, and he was noted as the man to get the hardest wicket—a bowler rarely to be ‘collared.’ Cobbett, like Saunders, was during his last year a painful sight to his friends, playing (!) in a state of pain, and wanting all that superfluity of health and spirits which cricket seems designed to help us to throw off. He died of an inward abscess, at the age of thirty-eight.

A cricketer’s life is, for some constitutions, rather a hard one. Hillyer went with the M. C. C. to play at Lansdown, near Bath, when the weather was so cold that men ran between whites to the potato-cooking shed to warm their hands. His rheumatic attack that crippled him Hillyer dated from that day. Dorrington also is believed to have caught his death of cold, standing in long wet cow-grass, in badly-kept ground, when playing country matches.

An old man, in his recollections of Lord’s, said he never remembered any pugilist among distinguished cricketers,—no professional pugilist, he meant; for Mr. Budd was first-rate with the gloves; and when, at the visit of the allied sovereigns, the Elgin marbles were displayed, in the

way of comparing the modern muscular development with that of the ancients in basso-relievo, some pugilistic exhibitions were got up, and Mr. Budd was selected to put on the gloves. Byron deprecates this display unfairly, when he sings of 'all the bruisers from all St. Giles.'

Our friend could also remember very few butchers in the cricket-field, though Saunders was an instance; but as to tailors, there have been enough first-rates to redeem that fraternity for ever from the imputation of constituting that fractional part of manhood so long the popular valuation of them. Why should we mention others, when Fuller Pilch, and Brown of Brighton, John Bailey, and Thomas Hearne, were knights of the needle all?

The very names of Brown and Lord's Cricket-Ground causes to travel through our mind a moving scene of figures and events.

Amongst all the powers of nature and the stirring agencies of this world, some of the most trivial in appearance are by no means trivial in their effects. Who can say what the world owes to 'chaff?' It is a kind of stimulus which has moved many a man who was proof against sober reason and cogent argument. Mr. Osbaldeston, by the terrific pace of his bowling, used to boast of his superiority at single wicket—albeit he bowled double wicket matches away by tips and byes. 'Our men,' said Mr. Ward, 'grew tired of being chaffed by Osbal-

deston and the party usually about him, and were much at a loss how to take a rise out of him, when I called attention to Brown of Brighton, who was, I think, rather the faster of the two. The consequence was, that in 1818 a match was made, and Osbaldeston appeared with his usual supporters, and, to his great dismay, was beaten easily."

Seeing the match going against him, the same men who came to chaff on one side turned about and indulged upon the other, and Osbaldeston was so angry, that he scratched his name off the list of the M. C. C., and, with one or two exceptions, never played again.

Brown and Osbaldeston were as fast as any bowlers on record. We remember hearing Mr. Budd say that the pace was much faster than Mr. Kirwan's: he also said that neither Brown nor Osbaldeston was faster than Mr. Marcon. Probably Mr. Fellowes was as fast. Mynn, T. Sherman, Jackson, and Tarrant deserve the next place in point of speed. As to the pace of distinguished bowlers, Mr. Haygarth relates that 'little' Dench, of Brighton, in stopping for Brown, used to have a kind of sack stuffed with straw to protect himself: we can also attest that, in stopping to Mr. Marcon, our late very excellent friend John Marshall exhibited to us leggings, made to order, of prodigious thickness.

We are all apt to think little of the play of by-

gone days ; but some idea may be formed of the powers of William Beldham, if we call attention to the fact, that when, in 1819, he first encountered Brown, Beldham was in his fifty-fourth year ; and an eye-witness told us that, besides playing or slipping nearly every ball, till Brown hardly dared to bowl near him, he once ‘turned round and hit a leg-ball the way it was going,’ amid great applause from the pavilion. Beldham’s score is recorded as ‘bowled by Beagley, 72.’ Let any one only picture to himself one of our superannuated players thus doing what he pleased with Mr. Fellowes’s bowling at that gentleman’s best day.

Lord F. Beauclerk, at the same age, scored 78 in one innings against Ashby, then the best bowler of his day.

As to the age of cricketers in early days, the players had a long reign before they were superseded. For, in 1810, a match was played between the old and the young,—the young being limited to the age of thirty-eight ; whereas now, you can hardly name an All England man as old as thirty-eight, so large is the choice of players.

Younger men tread the old ones out. John Bayley, the slow round-arm bowler, played in the great matches till his fifty-sixth year, and, strange to say, he was never greatly distinguished till he was forty-two years of age. Lillywhite played till

about the same age: William Clarke was little known till he was past fifty.

Bayley of late years has been employed chiefly as an umpire, especially since the death of Caldecourt, often called 'Honest Will Caldecourt,'—a worthy, civil man, who served as a practice bowler to the Marylebone Club for the long period of forty seasons. He was one of the very best cricket tutors we ever remember. We acknowledge deriving more information from Caldecourt than from any one man: his experience had been so great, and he could give a reason for everything. Had Caldecourt been a scholar, his recollections would have been curious.

We particularly remember some of Caldecourt's observations about the matches that were bought and 'made safe' in early days. To make any bet safe by bribing, was only practicable when the strength of a side lay in some two great players; but in our time, unless you bribed nearly half the side, the event would still remain too doubtful for heavy odds.—Caldecourt said he had seen sharp practice, and dishonour of another kind, too commonly among the employers; so, what could you say to the servants? It must have been a strange scene, that to which we were at the time adverting—when the dinner-party in the Pavilion was disturbed at the sight of a crowd and a fight, or preparations for a fight, in the middle of the ground;

and forthwith L—— and S—— (we will tell the names to no one who knows them not already, for fear of hurting the feelings of friends or relatives) were ordered to be brought into the Pavilion. The two men were so much excited, and powerful men both, that, to prevent mischief, one was placed on each side of the table. Then began recriminations.

‘You were paid to lose the Surrey match.’

‘You were bought over at Nottingham.’

‘Who missed the catch at Bury?’

‘Ay, and who bowled at anything but the wicket down in Kent?’

The looks of some of the M. C. C., who had lost their money contrary to all calculation on these several matches, must, at that moment, have been amusing to scan.—The two players never had an opportunity of selling any more matches from that day forth.

‘I have seen things quite as bad in a milder form,’ said Mr. Felix. ‘I remember once when an express was expected on the morning of a Kent match, to say whether Wenman could play or not, two gentlemen (?) walked down to the gate at Lord’s for the earliest information. The reply was, “Wenman is too ill to play.” “That’s a pity,” was the remark; “but you and I need say nothing about it. I think we can now afford to back England.” Accordingly they proceeded to bet against Kent, did these—gentlemen!’

This, and actions of the same kind, common men *feel* is not honest, however high in station are the men who do them ; and we cannot forget that more than once such deeds have been quoted to us, with the comment, ‘ Now pray, sir, which is worse?’

But let us turn from this unpleasant subject.

Lord Frederick Beauclerk is the greatest name in cricket. He was a frequent attendant at Lord’s, either as a player or a looker-on, for nearly sixty years. A vivid description of his lordship, as the very picture of life, activity, and spirits, has more than once crossed our mind as a sorry contrast, when, in his declining days, he appeared at Lord’s only in his brougham, and always, as it seemed, with a lady-nurse at his side, looking a striking illustration of the strong man becoming weakness at the last.

Neither can we forget, as another illustration of *sic transit*, that at Lord’s in 1859, when some exciting match was being played, one of Mr. Ward’s old friends being heard to remark to us, ‘ Poor Ward is now about his last, dying of a diseased kidney—very painful.’ Whereupon, some distinguished young players of the day remarked, ‘ Ward—who’s Ward?’

Lord Frederick’s batting was certainly not superior to Mr. Budd’s ; his fielding, usually at short slip, was not as good. Indeed, as to Mr. Budd, Clarke said he remembered him the best fieldsman

he had ever seen, having played against him at Nottingham, when Mr. Budd caught nine at middle wicket. But, nevertheless, Thomas Beagley, no doubt, spoke the general feeling of the players of his day, when he said that Lord Frederick *would have been first chosen*. Caldecourt said the same.

Lord Frederick was the best bowler of his day at Cambridge, but was not there distinguished as a bat. The story is that the Earl of Winchilsea, seeing him bowl at Cambridge, brought him out at Lord's. In batting, his lordship was a very easy, graceful player, formed on the model of Beldham. He played thirty-five seasons, and yet scored so well up to the last, that his average was the highest on record.

No doubt an average is a very uncertain criterion. Mr. Ward used to complain that the manager of matches had a great advantage in putting himself in when the light, the bowling, or the time of day was more favourable. To be ordered to go in at a quarter to seven o'clock in the evening tries your average hard, as compared with the man who can reserve himself for the next morning.

Again, a good average is all in favour of the man who thinks more of his own innings than of the game.—Beldham told us that he 'could never half play unless runs were really wanted.' And this is very characteristic of a great player. Therefore, without depreciating Lord Frederick, we think it

fair to observe, that while his position and his talent placed him high over all, he had no slight advantage where judged by the score books.

John Sparks told us that Lord Frederick lost all fondness for bowling from the time that Hammond set the example of running in to slow bowling. Hammond once hit back a ball so hard, that it whizzed dangerously past his lordship's head. Mr. Budd also said that there was something so powerful and menacing about Lambert's hitting—standing, as he used to do, so as to cover much ground before his crease, and swinging his bat in a wide-sweeping circle—that it was rather trying to the nerves of a bowler. We have a lively recollection of seeing George Parr, when trying his best to dispose of Carpenter near the end of his famous innings—97, on the side of the United in 1861—shrink without attempting to catch a swift return from Carpenter. Carpenter afterwards told us that he hit the ball so sharply, he should not have been afraid of any man's catching it. However, Parr was then past his quickest days, or we should, under all circumstances, have expected an attempt. What we have related of Hammond was not the only danger to which Lord Frederick was exposed during his long career. He broke a finger at Nottingham, and was threatened with lock-jaw. He had been scolding Sherman for slack play, and the next ball that came to him Sherman threw hard with a vengeance.

Beagley and Caldecourt both said that his lordship was truly valuable as a general—not least because he was sure to be obeyed. Still he was a perfect judge of the game; and, said Beagley, ‘he did find out a man’s hit so very soon,’ and set his field to foil it without loss of time. Lord Frederick used to say of Budd, that he always wanted to win the game off one hit. The truth was, Budd was a man of commanding strength and quickness, *audax viribus*, and he confessed to us—‘I used to delight in hard hitting, and in seeing the ring obliged to fall back further and further as I warmed in my play. To step in to an overpitched ball, and drive with all the impetus of my heavy bat, weighing *three pounds* of good stuff, was my favourite play.’ Lord Frederick might naturally envy that dashing, powerful style, which was not in the nature of his play; yet his lordship was a compact, strongly-built man, large about the loins, and one of the best men at a hundred-yard race, of which he ran no small number—five feet nine inches high, and weighing about eleven stone and a half.

Lord Frederick was one of the slowest of the slow bowlers of that day. Mr. Budd was certainly almost as slow as he could be to make good bowling, but Lord Frederick was slower still; but, being a good judge of play, pitching within an inch of where he desired to pitch, and with a delivery which caused a quick and abrupt rise, he

was very effective, especially in days when 'going in to hit' had not become the fashion.

Sparks said—'Hammond showed the way to beat it by stepping in, and slow bowling disappeared. At the end of its long reign there was one man who had practised till he brought it to great perfection; but he was hit off directly, and almost broke his heart about it. But the thing was then found out, and slow bowling for the time was no good at all.'—Old Sherman would sometimes walk quietly in, the moment the ball was out of the bowler's hand. This was not wise: still it made no difference to Sherman; for if the ball proved well pitched up, Sherman was ready to hit it; and if not, he would stand and play it just as coolly as if still on his ground.

But a few more words of our old friend Mr. Budd, against whom, with the Lansdowne Club, we have played some very pleasant matches, and have a distinct remembrance of him when he was still the quickest runner on the ground. His off-hitting was very brilliant when we first remember him. He has more than once made nine by one hit—once at Woolwich, when the best of fieldsmen, Mr. Parry, went after the ball; he also hit clean out of the old Lord's Ground on the site of Dorset Square. Lord said he would give twenty pounds if ever any man did thus prove the insufficiency of his ground. Budd claimed the money

for the benefit of the players, who crowded round to tell him what he had won. But Lord was shabby, and would not pay them: pleading, we suppose, that he spoke in a figurative sense.

Mr. Budd, holding an appointment in the War Office, played in all the great matches at Marylebone from the year 1805 to 1825. He then left London, but gladdened the eyes of many by making his appearance with the Wanstead Park Eleven in 1837. The success of his bowling in the first innings made the veteran rather chuckle at the thought of showing that old ways were sometimes best; but next innings Mr. Ward went in with Mr. Charles Taylor, and then Mr. Budd's game was up. Of course Mr. Ward knew all about it, having regularly encountered him for many years—not forgetting the occasion of his great innings. Mr. Budd played full fifty years in town and country, playing for Purton against Marlborough College as late as 1851, when, to his great disgust, some boy umpire gave the old man out 'leg before wicket,'—a thing next to impossible with Mr. Budd's style,—and which, he declared, had never happened in his whole life.

CHAPTER III.

THE ZINGARI, THEIR ORIGIN.—THE GREAT BOWLING QUESTION.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT SINGLE-WICKET MATCHES.

THE Marylebone Cricket Club, therefore, is the great central power, the very balance-wheel of the world-wide machinery of cricket. It affords the 'fair stage and no favour' on which each 'colt' may show his best paces and promising action, and each candidate for renown set forth his best pretensions. It also keeps up a certain high standard of excellence, so that Oxford, Cambridge, or one of the public schools, may measure their strength against a Marylebone deputation without much danger of mistaking the powers of their Eleven.

But the M. C. C. is tied to time and place; its circuit is limited, having 'a local habitation and a name.' The exigencies of the country, therefore, in these railway days required some club of equal strength and standing, but movable and ubiquitous withal. It wanted an amateur All England Eleven, ready alike to flit down for a day's play to Eton, or to cross the Channel, to astonish Paddy in the Phoenix Park, and (as once we heard) to give as



W. LILLYWHITE.

much entertainment in one way as they received in another at Vice-regal quarters, and even to bestow on the representative of Her Majesty 'the freedom,' no doubt, he sighed for—of the very original (if not the primeval) community and fraternity of I Zingari.

We need make no apology for commencing the history of this interesting race *ab ovo*; that is to say, from the first conception over a quiet *omelette* at the Blenheim Hotel, nearly twenty years ago; because as time goes on, new things become old; and things once familiar, as within the memory of living man, require quite the work of the antiquary to rescue them from oblivion, or, at least, from the vagueness of all traditionary lore. Already the origin of the Zingari is to many almost as great a mystery as the ancestry of those erratic tribes whose name they bear. Yes, we have spoken to first-rate cricketers, in the pride of their strength and the maturity of their play, who, when asked about the Zingari, would say, 'They were already a people of renown before we were breeched, if not before we were born.'

But we were speaking about the 'freedom of I Zingari.'

As to this 'freedom,' though really gasped for as an honour, even by those who have exhausted all the known glories of the 'heavens above and the earth beneath,'* it must not, by any means, be con-

* Prosaicé, Stars and Garters.

fused with ideas of strict immunity: nay, rather, it savours of the honour of those visits which their Egyptian prototypes are wont to pay, where most hens cackle and most ducks quack. That is to say, they are rather costly visitors: only since, in the most ruinous depredations of which we have ever known them guilty, their own true and loving subjects have been the sufferers, and most willing sufferers too, the usual pains and penalties of the Vagrant Act, in their case, would hardly fall within the contemplation of any enlightened and liberal legislature. Still, we must admit, many of them have 'no visible occupation,' which is always held suspicious. However, in all wise political economy it is maintained that those who increase the demand must stimulate production, and indirectly add to the supplies; and if so, this illustrious race, pre-eminently *nati consumere fruges*, must be allowed to form a very valuable element in any well-regulated Commonwealth.

Having gone to the fountain-head of information, we can depose from the book of the chronicles of I Zingari,—that is, 'if they have writ their annals right,'—to the following effect:—

Good cricketers are not often '*cricket et præterea nihil*;' that is to say, there is generally some little in the head when there is so much in the heels, and 'at the fingers' ends too;' and many distinguished cricketers—witness Felix, who had

music in his soul, and could sing and play exquisitely on some seven instruments, and sketch cleverly besides—many, we say, have been merry fellows, both ‘with wit themselves’ and also, as Falstaff claimed to be, ‘the cause of wit in other men.’

When, in or about 1836, we were ourselves rejoicing in our matches on the Cowley Ground at Oxford—yes, *the* ground; there was but one, the ground of the Magdalen Club, so called because founded by Mr. Walker of Magdalen College, though it was soon afterwards the club of the University at large—and when, at the same time, every copy of ‘Bell’s Life’ recorded the prowess of certain gentlemen, believed to be practising hard to meet us that year at Lord’s—just then, among the number of our much-respected opponents, were names since known to fame, Ponsonby, Taylor, Broughton—gentlemen who were the admired of all beholders, with buskin as with bat: for, private theatricals divided their leisure hours with cricket, whence sprang many matches under various names—with dramatic entertainments for the evening, after the usual pastime of the day—and, ultimately, the annual Canterbury meetings, which have now stood the shock of time and the caprice of fashion for the full period of twenty years.

When once you throw great men together, something greater still is ever likely to sparkle and bubble forth. Accordingly, ‘one day in the month of

July, 1845,' *vera loquor*, F. Ponsonby, S. Ponsonby, R. P. Long, and I. L. Baldwin, good men and true, finding themselves at supper at the Blenheim Hotel, then and there formed a club, christened the same, framed rules, and the following day informed twenty-one of their friends that they had received the distinguished honour of being elected members of I Zingari.

That there is something truly pure-minded and disinterested in this community, the slightest glance at their laws will prove. With all other societies the first thing you hear is, 'Pay your money;' but with the Zingari, Rule 6 relieves your apprehension, thus—

'That the entrance be nothing, and the annual subscription do not exceed the entrance.'

Nevertheless, though the Zingari treasury does not contain as much as shin plaster, it is duly protected by two Secretaries, one Chancellor, one Liberal Legal Adviser, and one Treasurer and Auditor of their financial accounts.

As they savour of such remote antiquity, it were long to trace the achievements and the distinguished honours of the Zingari; we glance only at the earlier members, and the auspices under which they started into life. *Quid memorem* F. Ponsonby, the very Nestor of the strife, whose counsel is still valuable in the tent, though now to the generation he has tutored at Harrow many a happy day, in

company with another distinguished member, R. Grimston, he may sometimes yield his place in the field; or Boudier, a tower of strength to the gentlemen against the players, after founding 'The Sixpenny Club,' for the lower boys at Eton;—Hartopp, whose stopping was as essential, even as if providentially sent on purpose, lest the bowling of a Fellowes should run to waste in the very luxuriance of its strength; and W. Pickering, perhaps never equalled at Cover Point, and prime mover in the arrangement for Eleven of England to visit Canada and the United States.—It runs us out of breath to keep pace with so much greatness, so here we beg to stop.

The Zingari have, by this present date, played above 230 matches, and have either won, or had the best of (if unfinished) about two out of three.

We are, therefore—descending now to plain sublunary views—decidedly of opinion that by this time the noblemen and gentlemen of the Zingari are entitled to take substantial rank in the cricket world. Their principle has been to provide the best of amateur play—no professionals, save as umpires, are ever allowed to take part in a Zingari match; and their numbers are annually recruited from the rising talent of the day, as they enact *si bene se gesserint*, meaning probably, what is written up in some village schools, 'None admitted that don't learn manners.'

This being the case, we maintain the Zingari are as much entitled to be consulted on cricket-law as any club whatever—we think more. Let other clubs reckon as the House of Commons, and the Zingari be expected to check precipitate legislation, and perform the part of the House of Lords. On any question of general interest to all cricketers, and, above all others, so vital a question as that of the style of bowling which for the future shall be the practice, as well as the general law, of Cricket-dom, the Zingari should certainly have a voice.

Wherefore, at the same time that we proceed to publish our own opinions on this subject, we, with all due deference, hope that I Zingari will undertake maturely to consider and pronounce upon it. Though, certainly, I Z. matches can always be made on the basis of their own laws.

We are sorry to find that, in answer to an inquiry instituted by a circular from the Marylebone Club, many cricketers have declared in favour of the bowlers being allowed to deliver as high as they please, provided that they neither jerk nor throw.

We say we are sorry, because we see no check or limit to the rough play that will ensue; we shall have two bad things instead of one, both a high delivery and a throw at the same time.

A throw is difficult to define,—a thing far too difficult for ordinary umpires to undertake. Wil-

sher's has always been an undoubted throw,—a kind of heave over, while his figure revolved on the ball of his left foot, as the fulcrum of his power. Still, because there was no lash out of the forearm, with sudden check at the elbow—because, in short, his delivery was not a throw of one kind, not one man in a thousand could perceive it might yet be a throw of another. And Wilsher might have gone on as long as he pleased if he had only pelted away with his hand a little lower to save appearances.

The case of Wilsher, therefore, shows how little the throw is likely to be detected in practice, when once the hand is allowed to be as high as the hat.

But, suppose that the throw could be generally detected, what is there to prevent a man, when his hand already is at the height, and almost itching for a throw—what is there to prevent his sending in a ball as viciously as he pleases? We remember a case in point: Jackson's delivery is as fair as almost any man's; and Jackson can command his arm too well to be much tempted to bowl high; still, because he could bowl at a furious pace, we remember his being suspected of bowling spitefully when once he hit Carpenter on the arm with a full toss, though no doubt it was a fair experiment on the wicket. And may not any bowler henceforth play spitefully if he chooses, or be suspected when

he does not? May not any savage fellow, out of temper at the strong defence of the wicket, indulge his fury by an occasional throw? What is to prevent him? Not always the spirit of fair play; for the All England Eleven have had bitter experience that, in certain latitudes, an umpire stands as if in defence of his own side, and no man will be given Out, if there is the least pretence for giving him In. Why, with some of the north-country roughs, if once you let them get their hands in a likely place for a shy, you will have your teeth knocked out before any umpire can interfere.

The gentlemen of the Surrey Club are laudably bent on making their ground so true, as to obviate all danger from rising balls; but cricket is played at Lord's as well as on the Surrey side, and Lord's is often hard as a brick, and as rough as any ground in England. And if this is true of Lord's, what can you expect in provincial matches? Where, but at Canterbury, should you expect good cricket, and what kind of wicket did we find prepared for the matches of the great cricket week in August last? (1862.)

Let us consider the danger that must attach to the game.—The ball will often rise as high as the face of the batsman, if delivered right over from as high as the bowler's head; and surely we ought not to forget such cases as that of Captain F——, a

first-rate player, who almost sank from hæmorrhage after a blow of this kind about two years since. A cricketer's pads already are quite ridiculous. Carpenter, at Canterbury, was seriously hurt upon the elbow; and Mr. Felix, at the end of his splendid career, was compelled by the rough ground he played on, to pad even his elbow.

As to the art of padding, all of our young players regard it as quite a primeval cricket institution; and as that 'to which the memory of man goeth not contrary.'

Now it is pertinent to the present question to chronicle the fact that it was not the speed of bowling, but the fly-about uncertainty of it that gave rise to padding. Mr. Budd's cricket dress, representing the fashion of his day, was nankeen knee-breeches and silk stockings, a second pair of stockings being doubled down to form a neat roll, to guard the ankle bone. We never saw him wear a glove of any kind, though we have seen him opposed to Mr. Curwan's bowling. He had also played through the days, not only of Browne of Brighton, and W. Osbaldeston—faster than Jackson's—of whom it may be said that they were not encountered very often; but Howard bowled commonly in Mr. Budd's day, and Mr. Brande bowled very frequently too, and both of these players bowled at a rattling pace; and yet they were ordinarily encountered without pads of any kind.

During our Oxford career, from 1833–36, Mr. R. Price (a name long remembered at Winchester), and a noted Cowley man, old Hoskings, were players who certainly could vindicate underhand bowling from the modern term of ‘slows;’ yet there were not half-a-dozen pads of any kind to be seen in the tent. The first greave was claimed as an original and knowing invention, by Henry Daubeney (*fuit !*), remembered by not a few at the present day, one of the freest of the Wykehamists—then the best hitters and best fieldsmen of all the public schools. By this device Daubeney used to stand up to leg balls far more boldly than he otherwise could have done ; and as to the power with which he hit them, he hit Mr. Lowth for a fair seven, near Stonehenge, on ground that in no way favoured the hit.

At that time (1836) Price was the last remaining representative of the old school of bowling, and from that time pads began to grow in size, shape, and variety ; not, we say, because we feared the pace, but simply because no one knew where to look out for what was called round-bowling, but which always was as high or higher than the shoulder. We could mention an old Westminster man, who has now subsided into the financial department of the M. C. C. and the I Z., who, at Oxford, on the Cowley ground, used to pelt at us most cruelly, till Caldecourt happened to come

down there, and called him back. We therefore speak feelingly when we deprecate any recurrence to the custom of carrying matters with quite so '*high a hand.*'

No doubt we shall have pads of most ingenious contrivances next season. Though, with pads or without, no player can play his proper game, when his nerves are shaken, as they will be, by balls flying up as high as his head; but this will remain for painful experience to reveal.

Add to this, the higher the delivery the more the uncertainties of the game will be increased by the roughness of the ground—and the very best ground may become rough from the scarifying effect of spiked shoes. And, when above one hundred pounds have been expended on a match, to give some provincial club the benefit of first-rate play, we can picture to ourselves the looks of disgust and disappointment, when manifestly such men as Hayward and Carpenter can do nothing at all,—'muffed out' by an easy catch to the point, popped childishly up in the air!

As to rough ground, the All England Eleven once caught sight of a note to this effect:—

'DEAR JOHN,

'So I am to bowl for your people against them Englanders. You wants to win, don't you now? Then don't be so stupid as to roll your ground.

'Yours,

'C. A.'

We once proposed a law that would leave the question of the ball passing through a wicket as a point to be determined by the umpire. The All England men at once exclaimed,—‘That law won’t do to travel with. All laws must contemplate unfair play, and leave as little as possible for the provincial conscience to take advantage of.’—But we do not think this any sufficient objection.

As to the term *bowling*, it must disappear altogether. With true bowling, the ball can go no faster than the hand is going at the moment that the ball quits it; any increase of pace must proceed from a sudden check, or jerk, or throw. The term, perhaps, is not worth disputing about when we have lost the thing; still, the *thrower*, not the *bowler*, should, in all consistency, appear in the next revise of the laws, if it does really rule the ‘hand-over-head’ delivery. Yes; we must say what we mean, and write thus: ‘The ball shall be *thrown*,’ ‘after four *throws* the umpire shall call Over.’

We are aware this will not sound well. King John says of those vile creatures, who understood his murderous wishes by his signs, that, had they but made a pause—

‘As bid me tell my tale *in express words*,
Deep shame had struck me dumb.’

No; folly does not look well in express words. To mirror our thoughts in words, and to see how

they look, is rather improving sometimes. Therefore, we call on cricketers to reconsider. Say, how do you like the sound and the look of the measure you are disposed to enact? Will there be any working, spinning, or variety? Will there be anything but pelting in the style proposed? We are aware that, with a high hand, the ball may be made to break back; but this will rarely happen in practice. We shall have tall, strong fellows, pelting down most pitilessly, as mechanically as a catapult, with every ball about the same; and when the batsman is tired of raps on the knuckles, and begins shutting his eyes and throwing his chin up in the air, to avoid the ball in his face, it will be time to make his way back to the tent, and let some other unhappy player (?) have a turn at it. This kind of *play* reminds me of Will Caldecourt, some years since.

One day, on the morning of a great match, when Lord's was in its hardest and roughest condition, as Caldecourt was hurrying past us, evidently very much out of humour, we asked, 'What's the matter, Caldecourt?'

'Adams can't come; and I am ordered to play. Why, sir, I would as soon take my coat off and fight for the knocks I should get, as stand up against Redgate on such ground as this.'

In these remarks we would wish it to be understood that, no doubt, the existing set of trained

bowlers will continue to act like bowlers, with comparatively little variation in the style of their delivery. As regards them, the expectation of the supporters of the new law may be well founded. These old bowlers may perceive that to bowl higher is to bowl mechanically, and therefore worse. But we are adverting rather to the bowlers who may be supposed to grow up under the said hand-over-head regulation.

We have already remarked that a young player very soon finds that nature has given him very little muscular power while his hand acts horizontally, and much more power, as well as more command of the direction of the ball, when his hand is high. If so, what style can we expect to result? Can we imagine that the difficulties of the usual wide-arm bowling will be endured at all? Is it not likely that a mere over-hand throw—a kind of pelting with a little mannerism or flourish to disguise it—the hand being raised close to the ear, will be the model of bowling set up for the rising generation?

We have already published a very strong opinion that the style of bowling cannot continue what it is; that is to say, that to bowl with a horizontal arm is contrary to nature, and not one man in a thousand can bring it under command. We did hope to hear that, as the arm by law could not be permitted to be higher, it would necessarily seek

precision by bowling lower. We did hope that under-hand bowling (not necessarily *slows*), with the hand rather round and away from the side, would develop some difficult and effective varieties of bowling, to puzzle the batsman by combining bias with straightness. We thought also this might necessitate a wider wicket; in which case, to avoid the trouble of four stumps, we might use three stumps, with a longer bail; the question of going through the wicket (which should be made Out) being left to the umpire.

We fully admit that the present position of cricket affairs is perplexing; still, with much deference, we do call upon cricketers to consider whether a wider wicket, the alternative we propose, is not by much the more promising of the two.

It is easy to talk of awkward wickets, and to allude—as if that case by any means disposed of the question—to what was called the ‘Barn-door Match’—the match suggested by Mr. Ward (whence the match was by some called ‘Ward’s Folly’), in which the Gentlemen had the advantage of a large wicket to bowl at, as one means of throwing in a make-weight, in their annual contest with the Players. We are well aware that the Eleven Gentlemen then played disgusted and out of heart. The thing was new; most people like the laugh economical, at a neighbour’s expense, however ill-timed the laugh may be.

We are therefore disposed to insist on the simple way in which a wider wicket can be produced. Even with three stumps, on some grounds, it is troublesome to make a firm and upright wicket, and four stumps would be tiresome in the extreme: we say, therefore, that the simple introduction of a longer bail, if we leave one question more—as to the ball passing through the wicket—for the umpire, will solve the difficulty at once.

While on the subject of things that will make better or worse for cricket, we will touch on two points more.

1. The single-wicket matches. There is much danger in affairs like that at Stockton last autumn. That Carpenter, Hayward, and Tarrant did honestly beat, and would beat again, should the 'Leviathan' of the sporting world find another son of Æsculapius to meet him, five of the best men of the northern counties, we do not doubt. But, with all honour to the integrity of these players, when thousands of pounds were depending on their hands, and heads, and hearts combined,—still we must presume, as knowing a little of what happened in days—very dark days, gone by—to speak of the probable tendency, and the principle of the thing.

At the present day, no man who ventures his money on a cricket-field, has the slightest suspicion of unfair play. While the power is so evenly

balanced, and the talent so much divided as it is in this present state of the cricket world, the game is quite incompatible with heavy betting. Not only does chance prevail as well as skill, but also, if any men are to be bought, the number required to ensure the event is such as to render the attempt ridiculous at double wicket. Certainly it is a bold negative to advance; yet we think we may say that for the last thirty years at least, no player can be named who was ever believed to have received money to play to lose.

But in former days, when every great match depended on the honesty of two or three players alone, the betting men frequented Lord's, as Epsom, to make a book, and matches undoubtedly were bought and sold; and, worse still, every professional who missed a catch, or failed to score, felt he was losing his character for honesty as well as play! We have elsewhere* chronicled the doings of these dark days, with the account of one single-wicket match, in which was fought 'a double cross,' men on both sides having been paid to lose; when, at a critical point of the game, the bowler wouldn't bowl straight, so the batsman could not let down his wicket!

We say, therefore, let us have no more single-wicket matches. Such matches will never be made

* See 'Cricket Field,' c. vi.

for the love of cricket; for what, then, will they be made? As regards a little variety in one season out of five or six, such matches may be allowed to pass. When the reputed champion of the day, like a Mynn or a Pilch, sends forth a challenge, we may see some reason in the affair; but, as a regular system and common practice, single-wicket matches can only be preferred for gambling purposes, and then, when thousands are laid on the performances of men who live hard all the winter, and are all but penniless at the beginning of each cricket season—and such is the domestic history of not a few professionals—the high character of the game will be compromised, and our cricket grounds will lose half their charm.

We trust, therefore, that every club will discourage these single-wicket matches. As to cricket, there is comparatively no play in them. Certainly, the best points of the game are left out. No wicket-keeping, little catching, and some of the most brilliant hits forbid to score! We are happy to hear that on the Surrey ground, any applications are sure to be met with such a reply as will show that one of our great clubs, at least, see the matter in a very plain point of view.

We see various symptoms, on which we may dilate another time, that the game is becoming too professional for the general interest. Stop single.

wicket matches as simple gambling; cry *Barnum* to such matches—discard them as you would any public-house affair, where ‘the fools must pay, that the knaves may play,’ and one step, at least, will be taken in the right direction.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SURREY COUNTY CLUB AND ALL ENGLAND MATCHES.

WE concluded our last chapter with one of two things—Single Wicket Matches, and the heavy betting, and consequently before long the selling and ‘Barnum’ work it involved, which we said was very prejudicial to the character and popularity of the game.

The second danger which we reserved for comment was Itinerary Cricket—the falsely called ‘All England’ matches,—a style of cricket which is becoming a very serious nuisance, as superseding those annual contests between rival counties which used to draw forth all the talent of the land, and which used to be fought with a degree of spirit and emulation without which cricket deserves not the name.

The getting-up of an All England match in a country place is very much in this wise:—

The Secretary of All Muggleton is an elderly gentleman—no player, but an eating or a smoking member, yet ambitious to distinguish himself, and perhaps to have his photograph taken as the Father



T. LOCKYER.

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of the Muggleton Club. Whereupon, as the cheapest kind of immortality, about October he begins to talk, and goes on talking all the winter of his determination to 'book the All England Eleven' for the coming season. He soon has a subscription-list with his own name at the head, and does not doubt (till he tries) that George Parr will take 'the gate'—though all the parish can creep through the hedge—instead of payment for his Eleven. But soon a polite letter comes, hinting that Muggletonian enthusiasm is not so certain as to make anything less than £70 or £80 a sufficient consideration.

Then comes the question how to raise the wind. Whereupon the gentleman goes about with his subscription-list in hand, trying to persuade every tradesman, and, above all, every innkeeper within five miles round, that the All England match will be the making of the town and trade of Muggleton and its vicinity, and they must be public-spirited and subscribe. As to asking any players to subscribe, it seems very hard to take a man's money and not to put him into the Twenty-two; yet everybody wants to be in the Twenty-two, and everybody who is left out is so sure to be offended—especially if he happens not to be in Muggleton society, for then he feels doubly snubbed,—vowing the Muggleton Club is likely to come to a speedy dissolution 'all through our Secretary's match.'

However, money is picked up by driblets, and a ten-pound note is volunteered by the victualler, who thus knowingly secures a monopoly of all the diluted spirits, weak beer, and shabby dinners, which are remembered by grumbling spectators for weeks after.

We cannot forget—and we are sure that Wisden and Caffyn never will—the extreme disappointment of one old gentleman—from his white beard and general appearance we called him Old Father Time—at Teignbridge, who, after being a generous subscriber, was not allowed to play. Such was Old Father's strange delusion, though a sensible man in all other matters, that he believed himself, as a bowler, fit to play in place of Clarke, at that time disabled. Clarke said he might play for him if the gentlemen would consent, well knowing that they would not have the whole match made ridiculous by a septuagenarian on their side.

When the match was over, to pacify our aged friend and amuse the company, a single cricket match was got up between him and Wisden, then quite at his best.

The whole affair was managed with the strictest solemnity; the ground nicely measured, bounds fixed, and umpires chosen, and sham bets enough were made to seem complimentary. We need hardly say that Wisden was instructed to pitch up some very easy hit before he bowled the old

gentleman out, and very soon after to let his own wicket down !

The strange part of the story is that Clarke, Box, and one or two others at different times had let the old man beat them in the same way, yet he never detected the good-natured imposition. Poor Old T——t ! we knew him well, and have spent many a pleasant hour with him at Torquay, so interested with his conversation on literature and general topics, that we hardly could believe it was the same man and the same mind which would go back to the old story, and seriously relate how he had beaten the best professionals of the day.

As to these All England matches, something might be said in their favour in the first place, while it was really the best Eleven that all England could produce, or, at least, quite as good as any. First-rate play in those days was not so easily to be seen ; the consequence was, that Lord's was crowded on a great-match day, because you could see first-rate cricket there, and scarcely anywhere else. We can therefore sympathize with country gentlemen who subscribed their money just for once to bring *the* first Eleven—there could be but one—to show the science of the game in their own neighbourhood. Of course the sixteen, eighteen, or twenty-two men matched against them were brought together, not so much for the honour of victory—for no honour could there be—

but merely as a pretence to see the said Eleven play. It was like the one-pocket game or the go-back game at billiards, that an amateur plays when he only wants to see the performance of a Roberts or a Kentfield.

This, we say, was all very well for once, at a time when good play was scarcer than at present; but for any men calling themselves Cricketers to play with double numbers, year after year, as a match, and to boast of victory, the thing is childish and absurd.

First of all, you do not play against All England or its best Eleven by any means. At present there are two All Englands—two bests! which is rather strange, certainly. Not only so, but neither of the two can be called best in any sense. We will speak now of Parr's Eleven, 'the All England;' for Wisden's Eleven, 'the United All England,' having six Surrey men, play comparatively few matches, for fear of spoiling the Surrey county matches.—They only play when Surrey has no fixture.

Now, as to the All England Eleven—we do not mean to speak unkindly of them, or of George Parr, who manages it. If the world is so silly as to encourage a man in making a livelihood in a silly way, we must blame rather those who raise the demand than those who furnish the supply. But, if not unkindly, we claim to speak truly. And we do venture to ask, How can you expect to have

the best Eleven, when the manager has every interest to do things cheaply—to employ as the tail of his Eleven men of little note, at a low price—not to allude to the common practice of playing one or two amateurs, and not the best of the amateurs either? You have not, therefore, anything like an All England Eleven to begin with. But, such as they are, you do not half see their play—you have a very poor sample of what they can do. The men are quite good enough to win far more matches than they do win, if they had both the powder in them, and also the stimulus to play their hardest and their best.

When a travelling circus goes round the country, you are rather staggered, as you pay your money, in looking up and seeing the face, all red and white chalk, of Mr. Merryman the clown, taking the cash without a smile on his countenance, unless one is painted there, and not at all like the Fool, but in the most sensible and business manner possible.

In the same way with the All England Eleven—‘the gate’ being part of the bargain—you pay your sixpences to a creature in flannels, pads, and spiked shoes, ready at a moment’s notice to start to have his innings, which innings, no doubt, he hopes will be a creditable one to himself; but as to the issue of the match he does not care a button, not he. No; he does not play for the score—he

only plays for the till. And cricket is one of those games that must be played with a will to be played well. This is especially true of old and experienced players. Boys play their best for the fun and the novelty ; but there can be no novelty to a professional cricketer ; and the difference between concentrated energy and mere mechanical performance makes all the difference between the finest bowling and that which is just good enough to make the batsman play his best against it. This intensified energy—this concentration of all the powers of bowlers, wicket-keepers, and fieldsmen to one point, makes a difference of half the score.

So the truth comes to this : even if you had All England men, you cannot have All England play when your side is not worth beating, and when not the runs, but the sixpences are all they care for.

For another reason you cannot see the best of play,—with twenty-two men in the field the play is cramped—it is a game that spoils good men. Box and Guy have been instanced as men who lost their batting by playing matches where fine free hitting did not answer.

But the chief reason of all that men in the All England Eleven rarely play like themselves is this : that they are fagged and jaded—stale and overdone from the beginning of the season to the end. Imagine two matches a week, and most of their rest taken in railway trains. We remember they

came to play at Bath, just landed from Ireland, half of them sea-sick. The first day they were not fit to play a decent school ; still our friends flattered themselves the score they made was against All England men !—about as true as if they had been drunk. Why, as to *play*, we are reminded of the travelling circus over again. ‘ I might be fond of music,’ said the French horn, ‘ but I am not the man to blow all day to please any one.’ Sometimes the said All England bowlers have hardly a leg to stand on—such as cricketers’ legs ought to be. We could name men we have seen quite groggy—with sore feet and swollen legs—blessing Providence for the chance of going to bed (for that’s what they do) when the rain came down in torrents.

The contrast between the faces of the All England Eleven—when paid not by ‘ the gate ’ but by the job—and the faces of the rest of the field on a rainy day, is amusing to any lover of the ridiculous. Being very civil fellows, they feel bound to seem a little disappointed as naturally as they can, when they pass by some promising young players looking much bluer than the sky is likely to be. Perhaps they may also say a sympathetic word to the caterer, whose cold lamb and cucumbers is already in a state of watery solution ; but if any one could hear their private and confidential communications, he would hear something like this :—‘ A good chance for your bad legs, John. Another such a

day as this, and I shouldn't wonder if some of Jackson's bowling would come back again.'

Now this is all we get for our money—this is the delusion we practise on ourselves when we book our club and ground for one of the vacant days of the All England Eleven. We have that Eleven, it is true, but all the powder and the spirit is out of them; and one would think that no man who had ever made one of twenty-two, with two bowlers given, all fresh and lively, against eleven stiff and steady ones, could ever want to do the same thing over again.

'But if we do like to amuse ourselves,' some one will say, 'what does it matter to any one?'

Why, it matters a great deal. Is it nothing to draw the best players away from fine county matches, which are better worth seeing by far? Very commonly the members of the Surrey Club—than whom no club has ever done more to encourage county cricket—have had a difficulty in their fixtures, because All England matches are encouraged on the same days.

We trust all true lovers of cricket will take this into consideration before they have anything to do with these 'All England' games. For, which is better,—that for three summer months the finest matches possible shall be arranged by the Marylebone and the Surrey Clubs chiefly in London, but with return matches in other counties, or that these

arrangements should be spoilt for so poor an apology for a match as we have already described ?

It does appear at present that there is a feeling of opposition on the part of the All England Eleven, or certain of them, to the promoters of county matches. Surely nothing can be more suicidal. Who brought forward these very men to their present position ? Who find the sinews of war ? Who provide the money for matches and the labour fund ? We admit that there may be one or two men so situated that they may see little personal danger in opposing their former friends and patrons ; though even they may commit the fatal mistake of kicking away the ladder before they have done with it. But let us ask,—Do cricketers act wisely in supporting them ? Should the rest of the All England Eleven agree to play on days when they are wanted for our leading clubs ?

We trust that this will be amicably arranged ; otherwise, we should say that the Marylebone and the Surrey clubs should make it a rule that men who belong to an Eleven so regardless of their fixtures should never be employed either at Lord's or at the Oval.

It is prejudicial to the game to grow too professional. The effect is to make the matches less interesting ; for the batting is forced into a degree of strength quite out of proportion to the bowling

of the same club. First of all, hired players supersede our bowling, and afterwards, because it is so unequal to the batting, we are ashamed to practise bowling so as to make up the difference.

This has always been a strong argument against employing a professional in a county club; but if a travelling band of professionals makes us indifferent to measure our strength against the nearest county, then do the professionals do us harm indeed.

Wenman remarked last year that he remembered the time when a man aspired to a place in his County Eleven as an honour, but now that emulation seemed passing away. And what did we have instead? A flat, stale, spiritless game—no honour for the one to win, no discredit to the other to lose!

Seeing, therefore, that the Surrey County Club was established to reinstate Surrey in its once proud position, let us briefly review its cricket history.

Surrey has as much right as any county to claim the honour of establishing cricket as a county game. Hampshire was once considered the native land of bats and stumps, but only because the Hambledon Club played in Hampshire. Now this club was quite at the Surrey end of Hants, and the Surrey men were among the finest players in it. Indeed, in the old scores the same men are found indifferently on the side of Surrey and of Hants, perhaps because they had their homes in the one and their cricket-ground in the other.

As far back as the year 1767, Surrey did its full share in all the matches of the day. For some ten years Surrey against Hambledon, and Surrey against Kent, was an annual match, and these three names—Hambledon, Surrey, and Kent—were the only great names in cricket history. The Earl of Winchilsea and the Hon. Colonel Lennox used to back Surrey, and Sir Horace Mann backed Kent. As cricket spread in Hants, Hampshire against Surrey took the place of the Hambledon match. Much interest was at that early period taken in the training of cricketers, because we find, even in 1788, a colt match—the Colts of Surrey *v.* the Colts of Hants. At this match, Lord Strathavon and the Hon. H. Fitzroy appeared among the supporters of Surrey.

In the year 1793, Surrey played All England, heading in the first innings, but ultimately losing by seven wickets. In this match they were weighted with four amateurs of title; but next year, choosing with less regard to rank, Surrey lost by only three runs, though playing thirteen of England. Next year, 1795, Surrey beat easily thirteen of England. The year after, Surrey beat Eleven of England in one innings, giving them one of the Walkers. The Hon. E. Bligh and H. Tufton now played for Surrey. England then won their even matches; but towards the end of the century Surrey grew again too strong for England.

Perhaps the Surrey gentlemen improved ; for Surrey evidently could not leave the gentlemen out. In 1800, therefore, we find the odds of 12 of Surrey to 14 of England, and it is curious to observe that same year 12 of England played 23 of Kent, losing by only 11 runs.

About this time Surrey had Lambert as well as Robinson, a very great accession to their strength ; and Surrey each year won one match out of the two which were usually played. Surrey also won easily in 1805, Robinson on their side, in their first game, scoring 93 to balance Lord F. Beauclerk's contribution of 102 for England. They also won the second match almost in one innings. In 1809 Surrey won both matches. The second of the two was played with, in one sense, the strangest odds on record. Surrey lent England Beldham, their best player both as bat and bowler, as a man given !

The same match was played till 1817, by which time England had grown too strong, both Mr. Budd and Lord Fred. Beauclerk being at their best : though John Sherman was a great acquisition to Surrey, Mr. Osbaldeston's swift bowling lost Surrey more runs than it saved.

The year 1817, therefore, saw the last of Surrey's even-handed attempts against All England : the match was never played again till the year 1852.

As to the celebrities of Surrey during all this time, among the Surrey men were the Walkers, especially Tom and Harry. Tom was called 'Old Everlasting,' from his vexatious and interminable defence. Bennett told us that though Tom was more to be depended on, Harry's half-hour at the wicket was as good as Tom's whole afternoon. No names of olden time were better known than those of the Walkers; but we owe it entirely to 'Old Nyren' that these and other Hambledon worthies have not been long since forgotten; that is to say, our friend Charles Cowden Clarke, a writer of much taste, and friend of Keats and Charles Lamb, listened to the old yeoman's yarns and put them down in his own pleasant way. Mr. Haygarth has of late years followed out the clue so afforded, and supplied Frederick Lillywhite with some highly interesting biographies for his cricket scores, four volumes much to be recommended to all who take interest in the game.

Tom Walker's bat may now be seen at Lord's, as also Robinson's—the handle grooved to fit his burnt and stunted fingers.

Crawte was the best of the Kent side. We call attention to him because, like Pilch in later times, he received a consideration from Mr. Amherst to live in Kent and support the honour of that county. But Crawte was a Surrey man, and so it was to Surrey that Kent had in those days to look for a

recruit; though so truly was cricket naturalized in Kent, that an old gentleman who could remember play in 1780 told us that on every village-green in Kent you might have seen games of cricket.

Besides these men there were John and James Wells, W. Beldham, Robinson, Barton, J. Hampton, Lambert, Sparks, Bentley, Harding, Bridger, L. Powell, John and James Sherman. These, with the three Walkers and Crawte, were the principal names from which the Surrey Eleven was chosen for twenty years. Most of the following noblemen and gentlemen, at different times, formed part of this County Eleven—Earl of Winchilsea, Hon. E. Bligh, A. and F. Tufton, Hon. D. Kinnaid, Sir H. Martin, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Whitehead, G. Leicester, Colonel Onslow, G. Cooper, Esq., J. Lawrell, Esq., Colonel Maitland, J. Tanner, Osbaldeston, F. Ladbroke, T. Vigne, B. Aislabie.

Whoever looks over the scores of the M. C. C. will perceive how large a proportion of the leading members of that club were Surrey men.

From the year 1817 the name of Surrey as one united county club is quite lost in the annals of cricket. England, for three or four years, divided against Hants; but Surrey is represented only by a variety of separate clubs,—Mitcham, Epsom, Farnham, Hartley Row, Godalming, Dorking, Woking. If, therefore, the gentlemen of the Surrey County Club aspire to replace Surrey in

its former county position and in the plenary possession of that strength which belongs only to a united people, they will allow us to inform them that the position they have succeeded in restoring is one that Surrey held for fifty years. During the whole of this time Surrey could hold its own against any single county, and for twenty years Surrey was a match for All England, and even gave them odds as essential to the interest of the annual contest.

Robinson was one of the best hitters of his day—left-handed, and a very hard off-hitter. He was a cricketer under difficulties, for he could only catch with his left hand, the fingers of his right hand having been burnt off when a child. He was called ‘Long Robin,’ being six feet one inch high, and by some ‘Three-fingered Jack.’ Some curious things are remembered of Robinson. He once had the legitimacy of his bat called in question and shaved down to the proper measure while he stood angry by. Barker remembered a man’s bat being served in the same way at Lord’s. ‘Robinson,’ said Mr. Morton, sen., the dramatist, ‘introduced spikes. He had them for one foot, but of monstrous length.’ Sparks used to mention a kind of greave, two thin boards set anglewise to guard his shin; but the fairness of the leg-byes, which went off rather too clean, was called in question, and Robinson was laughed out of his invention.

The Duke of Dorset (the third duke) was one of the earliest promoters of the game—one who did much to redeem it from the character so long it bore, as only a game for the lower orders,—a reflection, perhaps, which though true to London, might not have represented the sentiments of country life. A game that requires so many on a side always must have required some care and pains to keep a strong eleven together. Hence we read of professionals very early. The Duke of Dorset kept in his employment Miller, Minshull, and W. Bowra, the best men of his day.—The Earl of Tankerville retained Lumpy and Bedster.—Mr. Lawrell employed Robinson as his keeper.—Sir Horace Mann employed John and George Ring as his huntsman and whipper-in.—Mr. Amherst used to employ Boxall to bowl to him in winter in a barn, as well as during summer in the fields. Boxall was one of the best Surrey bowlers, born at Ripley. Lord Stowell gave Beldham an order to make him a cricket ground at Holt-pound.

The town of Sevenoaks was indebted to the Duke of Dorset for the Vine Ground, assigned by a deed of trust to be a cricket ground for ever.

The Duke of Dorset was nearly being the cause of what in those days would have been equal to the enterprise that sent our Elevens to America one year and to Australia the next. For, while ambassador to France in 1784, he wrote to Yalden,

captain of the County Eleven at Chertsey, to find an Eleven to go over and show the game at Paris! The Eleven had been actually chosen, with the Earl of Tankerville at their head, and they had travelled as far as Dover when the Duke of Dorset met them as he was returning: he was flying before the first outbreak of the French Revolution.

The present Surrey County Cricket Club dates from the year 1845.

In the month of October in that year, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, there was a large gathering of the representatives of the principal clubs in the county of Surrey, to enrol members, to decide on rules, and do all things necessary for inaugurating in good earnest a club worthy of the fame of this pre-eminently cricketing land, and, we may say, the very nursery of cricketers.

The Hon. F. Ponsonby came over from Ireland for the express purpose of presiding on the occasion. W. Denison, Esq., was vice-chairman at the dinner on that day, and among the company present was, first of all, W. Ward, Esq., with Messrs. W. and C. Pickering, J. Napper, from the Dorking Club; J. Banner, from the New East Surrey Club; Messrs. Horner and Hoare, of the Dulwich Club. Messrs. Earnshaw, White, and other gentlemen represented the South London Club, while it were long to tell those who respectively represented the Montpellier, the Clap-

ham, the Dulwich, and various other clubs, all within a circle to regard a general Surrey County Club as their centre.

After dinner, the Hon. F. Ponsonby at once enunciated the object and the principle on which it was proposed to found one central club south of the Thames. 'It would be established with a view of bringing out the cricketing strength of the county;' and as Mr. W. Pickering added, 'to give the cricketers of Surrey an opportunity of proving that they inherited or retained much, if not all, the strength of play for which their forefathers in the game had been so distinguished.'

That some such rallying-point—that some such 'fair field and no favour,' was required, was still further maintained by Mr. Napper. He truly argued that it was indeed an anomaly, that while Kent and Sussex were each actuated by a spirit of nationality, and all the emulation of distinct clans, Surrey should of late years, for want of 'a local habitation and a name,' exemplify all the weakness that must result from seeing those forces scattered which they now proposed to concentrate and to combine.

As to the glories of Surrey in days gone by, Mr. Ward reminded the meeting that Surrey had not only been once able to play All England, but that it had won the game against extra numbers on some occasions, and had given men in others.

The Hon. F. Ponsonby was then elected the first vice-president, and at an early meeting in the year following, the first year of the play, William Strachan, Esq., of Ashurst, was elected first president of the Surrey County Club.

Martingale and Brockwell were the first professional bowlers engaged, both from Surrey; and true to the principle of encouraging the county in every respect, the bats and stumps were ordered of Mr. Page, and an inquiry was made, though made in vain, for a manufacturer of cricket-balls in Surrey.

The season commenced with about 120 members, but every day added to the number,—a circular being widely distributed about the county to this effect:—that the county of Surrey had once held a high position in the world of cricket; that to restore the county to its former rank ‘the Surrey Club’ had been founded; that the object of the Committee would be to seek out and bring together the cricketing talent, to play matches on their own ground on the Oval, Kennington, as also in different parts of Surrey, and to engage the best bowlers of the same county for the practice of the members.

Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1846, was the first day the Surrey Club ever pitched their stumps upon the Oval.

The club now having the entire control of the county ground, a new era dawned upon its opera-

tions, and from that moment those who conducted its affairs availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of introducing a series of great county matches. The men of Surrey now began to rally round the County Club.

In the year 1857 the Surrey Pavilion was built; from which date the number of the members and the success of the county in the field fully rewarded past exertions, as the club had the honour of winning every match but one in that year,—thus reaping golden opinions from all kinds of men, and guineas too, for their income proved nearly double that of the former year.

In 1858 still greater success is chronicled: for though Surrey for the first time contended against All England, they won every match,—a thing unprecedented in the annals of the game.

From that time to the present, the county has honourably maintained its position, setting forth an annually improving programme of great events, and ever watching opportunities that presented themselves of inviting the other counties of England to a fair trial of their strength.

In this emulous spirit, for two years the club had 'fixtures' with Nottinghamshire, thereby keeping alive the spirit of that county and virtually re-establishing their county club. The same liberal spirit has been evinced towards other counties, and exciting contests have on many occasions been played,

to the delight of thousands of spectators. Never has it been the good fortune of a county to rise by such rapid strides as Surrey during the last nine years, which is mainly to be attributed to the talent exhibited in the field, and an honest desire on the part of the club to extend and promote, by liberal means, England's noblest game.

The Surrey County Club is at the present moment the largest in England. Its income is all expended (large as it is) in the promotion of cricket, as the list of the Surrey matches of itself must show. The Surrey Club claims the honour of having first brought into public notice a host of talent; witness Sherman, Caffyn, Cæsar, Lockyer, H. H. Stephenson, Mortlock, Griffith, Sewell; and latterly Humphrey, Jupp, and Pooley would acknowledge the same kind assistance as opening to them a sphere for their respective talents.

CHAPTER V.

CRICKET LEGISLATION, AND THOMAS BARKER'S
COMMENTARY ON THE LAWS.

THE following is the heading of the earliest copy of the Laws of Cricket that can be found at the present time:—

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

REVISED AT THE STAR AND GARTER, PALL MALL, FEBRUARY 25, 1774, by a Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen of Kent, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and London.

COMMITTEE.

In the Chair—Sir William Draper. *Present*—His Grace the Duke of Dorset, Right Honourable Earl Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, Philip Dehany, John Brewer Davis, Harry Peckham, Francis Vincent, John Cooke, Charles Coles, Richard James, Esquires, Rev. Charles Pawlet.

The advocates of a Cricket Parliament have here no doubt a precedent: they may point to a council of representatives from all the recognized cricketing counties, met for the dispatch of public business. Then why not meet again annually? Simply because there is nothing left to do,—nothing, at least, has there been in our memory which could

furnish a reasonable subject for any long-winded discussions. No. Whether the question be that of 'high delivery' or of 'leg before wicket,' all that can be said is that Mr. White thinks this, and Mr. Black thinks that; the reasons (if any) of each party being very well known to the other. But men who meet, big with their own importance, and proud of their first suit of 'little brief authority,' if they find nothing to settle, will find something to unsettle; so jaw, jar, and discord will be the order of the day. As to harmonizing fixtures and programmes of matches, 'in the name of the Prophet, Figs!' a committee of the whole House will not settle such things by Doomsday. And if, as we hear, bills of pains and penalties against offending professionals are to be proposed, we have only to say that the understanding between the players and the gentlemen has been generally so delightful, that we should be very sorry to read in our statute-books the possibility of an exception.

But as to the Laws of this first Parliament of 1774, scarcely one remains without some alteration, and many have been added. These changes and additions we now propose to trace, adding, at the same time, suggestions from a MS. of 'the Laws,' as proposed by Thomas Barker, of Nottingham, an old player quite unequalled in his experience as an umpire. We will take the Laws *seriatim*, with Barker's Commentary on each.

‘I. The ball must weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters. It must measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and one-quarter, in circumference. At the beginning of each innings either party may call for a new ball.’

The weight was fixed in 1774, but nothing said about the circumference till a late period. Calling for a new ball applied to days when the balls were too bad to last a match.

The famous old player John Small, a shoemaker by trade, excelled in making cricket-balls. These balls were at the time wholly unequalled. When eighty years of age Small sold his last half-dozen to Mr. Budd, and Mr. Ward offered him a guinea apiece for them! Mr. Budd produced one of these balls on the occasion of the wager between Colonel Berkeley and Lord Coventry, the latter wagering that he would ‘find a man before Christmas to throw a ball a hundred yards.’ Old Clapshaw told us that he promised Mr. Budd to find a man; and the evening before the day of trial, which was a fine, warm evening, Clapshaw introduced a tall, powerful young man to Mr. Budd, and they went into the park to make a trial. The man did throw a clean hundred yards, and a little over; but the next day was cold, the man’s muscles were chilled, and ninety-seven yards was all he could accomplish. Many a man is reported to be able to throw a ball one hun-

dred yards. We have been at much pains to inquire as to a ball ever having been thrown both ways, to and fro, so as to prove the wind did not assist, but we could never find any well-authenticated instance, save one, Arnold of Cambridge, who threw seven yards more one way and three yards more the other, in the presence of the Hon. F. Ponsonby.

Barker recommends the words, 'The ball must measure three inches in diameter every way;' also that 'Either party, with consent of the other, may call for a new ball at any time of the match;' also that 'Either party may demand of the umpire to gauge the ball before used.' This alteration is suggested by his experience of the very bad balls that are made and sold,—balls which, especially with rain, get sadly out of shape during an innings.

'II. The bat must not exceed four inches and one-quarter in the widest part; it must not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.'

Barker would add, 'Either party may demand of the umpires to gauge the bat;' for bats are used of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches instead of $4\frac{1}{4}$, making a great difference in the play. The readers of Nyren will remember that about 1760 a player named White, of Reigate, brought a bat to a match which, being the width of the stumps, effectually defended his wicket from the bowler; and, in consequence, a law was passed limiting the future width of the bat to $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Nyren adds, 'I have a perfect recollection

of this occurrence; also that, subsequently, an iron frame, of the statute width, was constructed for and kept by the Hambledon Club, through which any bat of suspected dimensions was passed, and allowed or rejected accordingly. Barker had known an instance, years since, at Lord's, when a man was sent down to the bat-shop to have his bat shaved. When Mr. Budd saw Robinson's bat treated equally unceremoniously with some one's pocket-knife, Robinson was very angry, and vowed he would do his best to serve them out for spoiling his bat, and actually hit about the field with a vengeance, and made one of his largest innings.—As to the length of the bat, there was no limit assigned till 1816.

'III. The stumps must be three in number, twenty-seven inches out of the ground; the bails eight inches in length; the stumps of equal and of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.'

Barker suggests :—

'The stumps must be three in number, twenty-seven inches out of the ground. Each stump must be one inch in diameter at the top. The bails must be eight inches in length. Each bail must be $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from shoulder to shoulder. The outer end of each bail to be one inch in length, so as not to extend beyond the stumps: the inner ends that meet on the middle stump to be half an inch; also that each party may require the umpires to gauge the bails.'

Barker remembers an instance in which the projecting end of a bail decided the fortune of a match at Chichester.

The wicket has at different times been of the following different sizes :—

1st. About 1700 it was, says Nyren, two feet wide by one foot high. This was at a time when the runner was made out by popping the ball into a hole cut between the stumps instead of knocking down the wicket.

In 1775 the old Laws specify 22 inches by 6, with only two stumps and one bail.

In 1788 it was increased to 24 by 7, with three stumps and two bails.

In 1817 further increased to 27 by 8.

As to the third or middle stump, Nyren says in a Hambledon match in 1775, Small, the last man, went in for fourteen runs. It having been remarked that Lumpy's balls had three several times passed between the two stumps (that not then being considered Out), it was thought a hard thing that the bowler's straightest balls should be thus sacrificed; and in consequence the stumps were soon after increased in number from two to three. Also about this time (1775) the mode of putting a man out by placing the ball in a hole cut between the wickets was abolished, and the way (as now used) of knocking off the bails was introduced. This took place in consequence of the re-

peated collisions which happened dangerously between the wicket-keeper's hands and the bat. Leg-before-wicket was also introduced about this time, but at first simply scored down as bowled; and that form of scoring does not appear in a match till August 12, 1795.

The distance between the wickets (twenty-two yards) seems to be almost the only part of the game that has not undergone an alteration. The bat has been greatly altered, being originally of a curved form. The height and breadth of the wicket has also undergone several alterations.

Gloves for cricket, made of india-rubber (flat ones, not the tubes which were introduced several years later), began to come into use shortly after the introduction of round-armed bowling (about 1835). The round-armed delivery, being much more severe, made gloves to be absolutely necessary, though at first found an impediment and laughed at by the older players. Pads also began to be used at the same time.

Spikes were introduced (it is believed) somewhere about the year 1800, and sawdust for wet weather shortly after.

‘ IV. The bowling-crease must be in a line with the stumps; 6 feet 8 inches in length; the stumps in the centre; with a return crease at each end towards the bowler at right angles.

‘ V. The popping-crease must be 4 feet from

the wicket, and parallel to it, unlimited in length, but not shorter than the bowling-crease.

Barker suggests, 'Either party may require the umpires to measure the crease, and see that it is the right length.' Also, 'The popping-crease must measure 4 feet from the wicket to the outer edge of the popping-crease; unlimited in length, but not drawn shorter than 7 feet 4 inches. The crease must not be more than 1 inch broad. Either party may require the umpire to measure and ascertain these limitations.'

The limitation of the bowling-crease is very material to the batsman, or the bowler may bowl round him. No man ever took fuller advantage of the length of his bowling-crease than Cobbett. Most bowlers end with the left toe pointed straight to the opposite wicket. Cobbett delivered the ball with his left foot crossed over his right, in a way that gave him practically 2 feet extra to the extent of his bowling-crease.

The popping-crease requires careful measurement. Some umpires give an inch more than others. About the year 1817 the space between the creases was widened from 3 feet 10 inches to 4 feet. Barker remarked that the practice (not the law) is to play as if foot on the line saved stumping, instead of foot over the line. A wide, blurred, and ill-defined crease may spoil any match.

The popping-crease was changed to 4 feet from the wicket instead of 3 feet 10 inches, said Caldecourt, at the same time that the wicket was increased from 24 by 7 to 27 by 8 inches, about the year 1817.

‘The popping-crease must be 3 feet 10 inches from the wicket, and parallel to it,’ are the words of the Laws in Lambert’s book, dated 1816.

‘VII. It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground by rolling, watering, covering, sweeping, mowing, or beating, except at the commencement of each innings, when the ground shall be swept and rolled, unless the side next going in object to it. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat near to the spot where he stands during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes with saw-dust, etc., when the ground shall be wet.’

‘VIII. After rain the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.’

To Law VI. Barker would add, ‘The ground for the wickets shall be prepared 4 yards wide. Either party may require the umpires to measure the ground; and the umpires shall carry their own gauge and tape.’

In these days of measuring-chains one would suppose this superfluous; but Barker says that some years ago at Lord’s—even at Lord’s!—the

chain was a foot short ; and at Manchester, about ten years since, they were deluded by a false measure to the extent of three-quarters of a yard out of twenty-two ! This must have made a difference.

Many a man can bowl a short distance who cannot bowl a long one ; and this will explain—hear it, ye yokels, who are so enthusiastic as to put shillings on the stumps—why a practised bowler on certain days seemed to be so fatal to your stumps. Dakin, a good cricket tutor, has punished us wofully in his day. He would bet us sixpences, raise his hand high, and also bowl about two yards short. Oh ! it was cruel how he could rattle among our stumps with all these advantages combined.

In Law VII., as to rolling, Barker would prefer the words '*at the request of either party,*' to the words '*unless the side going in object,*' as it stands now. He would also add, 'that not more than ten minutes be allowed for that rolling,' because rolling is sometimes made a shabby pretext to shorten the time for a drawn game.

In Law VIII. he would enact that the ground may be changed at any time during the match, with the consent of both parties.

'*Four balls, and over,*' is the number in the earliest Laws. To bowl '*Six, and over,*' has been the practice of many clubs, but the Laws always said four.

'IX. The bowler shall deliver the ball with

one foot on the ground behind the bowling-crease, and within the return crease, and shall bowl four balls before he change wickets, which he shall be permitted to do only once in the same innings.'

To this Barker would add not only behind the bowling-crease, but also 'within the return crease,' in order to avoid tricks of bowling round the batsman.

'X. The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler in the actual delivery of the ball, or in the action immediately preceding the delivery, shall raise his hand or arm above his shoulder, the umpire shall call "No ball."'

Barker would add, 'Shall call *instantly on delivery*,' to give time for a hit.

'XI. He may require the striker at the wicket from which he is bowling to stand on that side of it which he may direct.'

Barker would add, 'And the bowler shall not change from one side of the wicket to the other more than once in an Over.'—This is the result of painful experience in unfair attempts to worry the players, and to waste time near the end of the day.

Of course no laws can comprise everything that should be done or left undone. We remember a question to Caldecourt—at that time regarded as the first umpire of his day—whether there was anything to prevent a man from giving the bats-

man guard for one side of the wicket and bowling the other. 'There is nothing at all to prevent him,' replied Caldecourt, 'unless he should happen to be a *gentleman*.'

And here we would observe, for the benefit of inexperienced players, that, provided the bowler's foot in delivery is behind the crease, the umpire may be quite sure that the said foot is on the ground. An experiment will prove that it is impossible to deliver the ball unless the foot behind the crease is on the ground.

The fact that the consent of your adversary is required for changing or for mending the ground in any way renders it very necessary that you should accustom yourself to bowl both sides of the wicket. Near the end of a match we have seen the ground so deeply worn that a bowler who could not bowl both sides has been incapacitated for want of foot-hold.

'XIII. If the bowler deliver a "No ball," or a "Wide ball," the striker shall be allowed as many runs as he can get, and he shall not be put out except by running out. In the event of no run being obtained by any other means, then one run shall be added to the score of "No balls," or "Wide balls," as the case may be. All runs obtained for "Wide balls" to be scored to "Wide balls." The names of the bowlers who bowl "Wide balls" or "No balls" in future to be

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placed on the score, to show the parties by whom either score is made. If the ball shall first touch any part of the striker's dress or person (except his hands); the umpire shall call "Leg bye."

In Law XII., Barker, not to add unfairly to the account of 'Byes,' to the discredit of the Long-stop, would insert, 'All runs obtained from byes or overthrows in the case of a wide ball to be scored as Wides, and not as Byes : ' because the Wides may be out of the Long-stop's reach. Barker would also add, to meet cases which have lately occurred, that 'if the umpire call "Wide" too soon, and the ball be hit, that ball shall not be considered as wide, but the hitter shall be liable to be out, as with any other ball.'

It happened with Carpenter, in America, that he hit a ball called 'Wide,' and was caught. The question was whether the ball was dead.—With the old underhand bowling wide balls were scarcely contemplated ; nor was there for many years any law that added one to the score, or that enacted that the wide ball should not count in the over:

Still, though there was no law, there was in one notable instance a decided necessity for a law of forfeiture to the score. We allude to the ever-memorable single cricket match, when, from the illness of his partner Mr. Osbaldeston, Lambert played and beat single-handed Lord Frederick

Beauclerk and Howard. On that occasion Lambert purposely bowled wide balls to Lord Frederick to put him out of temper: this contributed to his winning the match, as described at length in ‘The Cricket Field,’ page 99.

Also, though Over be called, a question shall be allowed before the next ball is bowled.

There was no law for ‘Lost ball’ before the revise of 1809; and ‘Wide balls’ were not called even then.

As to lost balls, as the M. C. C. were the legislators they would be slow in noticing them, because we may consider that they rarely played on any grounds on which a lost ball was likely to occur. In the year 1861 George Parr hit clean out of Lord’s from the lower wicket between the public-house and the south side. In the year 1833 Mr. F. B. Wright, the hardest hitter Oxford had ever seen in those days, if not since, hit a lost ball off Cobbett’s bowling at Lord’s. The ball soared high in air, and fell among nettles in the north-west corner of the ground. That hitting out of (the present) Lord’s was unknown in early days may be proved by this. A mark under the upper windows of the public-house long commemorated a famous hit by Budd; but in 1836 Mr. Charles Beauclerk, son of Lord Frederick, hit a ball square to the leg above that mark in playing with us for Oxford against Cambridge.

We now come to the earliest restriction on bowling as regards the height of the hand :—

‘The ball must be delivered underhanded, not thrown or jerked, with the hand below the elbow at the time of delivering the ball. If the arm is extended straight from the body, or the back part of the hand be uppermost when the ball is delivered, or the hand horizontally extended, the umpire shall call “No ball.”’

This law Mr. Ward carried about 1816, as against Mr. Budd and Lambert, who had found out a very effective style of round-arm bowling.

Barker would also do justice to the Long-stop by scoring as Leg-byes ‘all byes that result from balls that glance off from the person of the wicket-keeper,’ as being equally beyond the command of the Long-stop as those which glance off from the person of the batsman.

‘XIV. At the beginning of each innings the umpire shall call “Play;” from that time to the end of each innings no trial ball shall be allowed to any bowler.’

Barker would add to ‘no trial ball’—‘*nor any batting or bowling at or near the wicket, except that of the match.*’ Barker says he has seen the ground artfully spoilt for leg-hitting by the marks made under pretence of practice not actually at the wicket. Such practice *near* the wicket is often quite as bad.

‘XV. The striker is out if either of the bails be bowled off, or if a stump be bowled out of the ground.’

Barker would make it ‘out’ wilfully to knock down the wicket while the ball is in play (though not in the act of striking the ball). He saw a case of unfair play decide a match. One of the batsmen levelled the wicket to render it more difficult—or, indeed, impossible—at that wicket to run his partner out. The wicket-keeper had a chance, and no wicket to put down, unless he first set up one!

Barker would also make it ‘out’ for the non-striker, as well as for the striker, to wilfully strike a ball already hit.

In a famous Nottingham match, in 1817, the non-striker, while running, struck the ball to prevent its coming home.

Barker has also seen cause to make it ‘out’ if either of the strikers shall wilfully prevent the fielding of a ball.

Evidently all these suggestions look as if Barker had been in bad company; but the same might be said of any Old Bailey judge.

‘XVI. Or, if the ball, from the stroke of the bat, or hand, but not the wrist, be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher.’

Barker’s curious experience suggests two addi-

tions :—1st. If the striker first hit the ball to the ground, and then (by the same whirl of the bat, and therefore not wilfully, which would be 'out') strike it again, and it be caught, it shall be 'out.' 2ndly. If the ball shall finally lodge in the striker's dress, the ball shall then be considered dead.

There have been cases when a ball has run up the bat, and lodged in the striker's breast or wide pocket of his jacket. Thus, once a ludicrous race took place all round the field; the wicket-keeper to pick the pocket of the ball before it touched the ground, and the striker, not daring to touch the ball, as that would make him 'out,' runs till he shakes it out.

Barker would also add that no 'catch' shall be allowed off any tent, tree, wall, or building, though, if to touch the building is made so many runs by agreement, the ball is dead and cannot be so caught as to make a man out.

'XVII. Or, if in striking, or at any other time while the ball shall be in play, both his feet shall be over the popping crease, and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it.'

Barker would say, 'Except his bat *in hand*, or some part of his person, be within the popping crease.'

'XVIII. Or, if in striking at the ball he hit down his wicket.'

This looks plain enough, and yet a difficulty has

arisen. A frequent opponent of John Marshall, the Lansdown Eleven, had an absurd way of taking guard within an inch of the stumps, and moving forward to the popping-crease as the bowler delivered the ball. John Marshall whispered to the bowler, 'Go off at half-cock, and he will knock his wicket down.' Accordingly, no sooner did the umpire call 'Play,' than six yards behind the wicket at the very first step in his run, the bowler sent in a fast underhand full toss, and his friend, utterly powerless to throw back his bat, really did hit down his wicket. Then he stoutly protested that it was not in striking at the ball—it was in going through his complicated preparatory movements!

So true is it that there may be as many difficulties in decision as there are laws in the game.

'XIX. Or, if under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out.'

This should be '*wilfully* prevent.'

'XX. Or, if the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again.'

'XXII. Or, if any part of the striker's dress knock down the wicket.'

Barker suggests: 'If any part of the striker's dress or person knock down the wicket, except his hat or cap accidentally fall upon the wicket.' This is a very proper exception. In the match of the

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Gentlemen against the Players, Mr. Charles Taylor was 'out' by his hat falling on his wicket after a splendid innings of 80 runs!

'XXIII. Or, if the striker touch or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the opposite party.'

This law originally stood thus: 'If y^e striker touches or takes up y^e ball till she is lying still, unless asked by y^e bowler or wicket-keeper, it's "out."' '

'XXIV. Or, if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it.'

Barker would read, 'With any part of his dress, pads, or person.' Also, 'If by any noise or action the non-striker shall annoy the bowler when running to bowl or delivering the ball.' Evidently this suggestion is intended for the 'roughs' of society.

This law in 1774 stood thus: 'Or if the striker puts his leg before the wicket with a design to stop the ball, and actually prevent the ball from hitting his wicket by it.' And in the revise of 1800 thus: 'Or, if with his foot or leg he stops the ball, which the bowler, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have pitched in a straight line to the wicket, and would have hit it.'

‘XXV. If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out.’

Barker would append, ‘But if any of the adversaries wilfully obstruct by any means either of the strikers when running, so that in the opinion of the umpire it caused such striker to be run out, the umpire shall give him “not out.”’

‘XXVII. A striker being run out, that run which he and his partner were attempting shall not be reckoned.’

Barker would add, ‘If the strikers have crossed each other, the non-striker must go to that wicket from which the ball was struck.’

‘XXIX. After the ball shall have been finally in the wicket-keeper’s or bowler’s hand, it shall be considered dead; but when the bowler is about to deliver the ball, if the striker at his wicket shall go outside the popping crease before such actual delivery, the said bowler may put him out, unless his bat in hand, or some part of his person, be within the said crease.’

Barker would read, ‘May put him out *with ball in hand*, but not otherwise.’

Barker intends to prevent any tricky pretence to deliver the ball, and then to turn round and throw at the wicket the non-striker would not have left, but from this delusion.

We remember two several matches between the

Lansdown and Mr. Budd's Eleven from Purton, near Swindon, lost by the Purton, by one of their best men at the most critical point of the game being put out for leaving his ground too soon. Great discontent was the result. Indeed the Purton bowler, after twenty years, met our friend who put him out, and inveighed against the proceeding as angrily as ever! Barker said that once at Lord's it was only the support of Lord Frederick that saved him from being hooted off the ground for the same unpopular measure. Old Harry Hampton also said that he remembered a player falling into great disgrace by the same way of putting out.—If done *with ball in hand*, no kind of exception can be taken; for, otherwise the runners would have an unfair advantage.

‘XXX. If the striker be hurt, he may retire from the wicket, and have his innings at any time in that innings.’ (Barker would limit it thus: ‘But only if hurt in the match.’) Another person may be allowed to stand out for him, but not to go in. No substitute in the field shall be allowed to bowl, keep wicket, stand at the point, or middle wicket, or stop behind in any case.’

There was an old law we give *verbatim* :—

‘BATT FOOT OR HAND OVER Y^E CREASE.

‘When y^e Ball has been in Hand by one of y^e Keepers or Stopers, and y^e Player has been at home, He may go where he pleases till y^e next Ball

is bowled. If Either of y^e Strikers is crossed in his running Ground designedly, which design must be determined by the Umpires.—N.B. The umpires may order that notch to be Scored.'

'XXXI. No substitute shall in any case be allowed to stand out or run between wickets for another person without the consent of the opposite party; and in case any person shall be allowed to run for another, the striker shall be out if either he or his substitute be off the ground in manner mentioned in Laws XVII. and XXI. while the ball is in play.'

'XXXII. In all cases where a substitute shall be allowed, the consent of the opposite party shall also be obtained as to the person to act as substitute, and the place in the field which he shall take.'

'This law,' Barker says, 'if duly considered, would have saved a match—*Kent v. Notts.* Kent, being a man short, brought Mr. Thackeray to field at long leg, which made a difference of some thirty runs!'

It has sometimes been a question when the ball is dead, or what constitutes 'finally settled' in the hands of the wicket-keeper. Barker would 'make the ball dead only when handed over to the bowler to bowl a new ball. We have seen a wicket-keeper hold the ball cunningly for the chance of the striker's raising his foot, as feeling that the play of that ball was over, and the ball dead.

Lockyer once said, 'I have sometimes had gentlemen lean on their bat, and jump over it; then I stump them flying. Sometimes they are so pleased with themselves that they will walk a little round their ground, or lift a leg to hitch up their trousers; so I wait for a chance, especially when we play against twenty-two, for then we can't afford to be particular.'

Barker's limitation actually formed part of the game at a very early period.—In 1787, of a match at Bourne Paddock, we have the following remark in a curious MS. by a contemporary cricketer:—

'Beldham was put out in both innings in a very extraordinary manner. In the first, Purchase intended to throw the ball to Lumpy, but it fell short, and hit the wicket. *If Lumpy had handled the ball, Beldham would not have been out.* But in the second innings Beldham's partner hit the ball straight, which just touched Lumpy's hand, and hit the wicket before Beldham had time to recover his ground.'

Barker suggests the following:—

'After the delivery of four balls, and both the strikers shall be within their ground, and the ball finally settled in the wicket-keeper's or bowler's hands, or shall have passed through the hands of any of the outer side to the bowler to commence the next Over, the ball shall be considered dead.'

'XXXIII. If any fieldsman stop the ball with

his hat, the ball shall be considered dead, and the opposite party shall add five runs to their score; if any be run, they shall have five in all.'

'XXXIV. The ball having been hit, the striker may guard his wicket with his bat, or with any part of his body except his hands, that the 23rd law may not be disobeyed.'

The old law stood thus:—

'When ye Ball is hit up either of ye strikers may hinder ye catch in his running Ground, or if She is hit directly across ye Wickets, ye Other Player may place his Body anywhere within ye Swing of his Batt so as to hinder ye Bowler from catching her; but he must neither Strike at her nor touch her with his hands. If a striker nips a Ball up just before him, he may fall before his Wicket, or pop down his Batt before Shee comes to it, to Save it.'

'XXXV. The wicket-keeper shall not take the ball for the purpose of stumping until it have passed the wicket; he shall not move until the ball be out of the bowler's hand; he shall not by any noise incommode the striker; and if any part of his person be over or before the wicket, although the ball hit it, the striker shall not be out.'

Barker would add, (1) 'If any of the adversaries shall by any noise or action annoy the striker, he shall only be out by running out.' Also (2) 'The non-striker shall not be made "run out" by a ball

struck through his wicket, unless the ball first touch the hands of one of the adversaries.'

The Law of 1816 was so explicit, we wonder it was ever altered:—

'If the striker hits the ball against his partner's wicket, when he is off his ground, it is out, provided it has previously touched the bowler's or any of the fieldsmen's hands, but not otherwise.'

'XXXVI. The umpires are the sole judges of fair or unfair play; and all disputes shall be determined by them, each at his own wicket; but in case of a catch which the umpire at the wicket bowled from cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion shall be conclusive.'

In 1793 the law was as follows:—

'The umpires are the sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them; each at his own wicket. But in case of a catch, which the umpire at the wicket cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion is conclusive.'

'XXXVII. The umpires in all matches shall pitch fair wickets; and the parties shall toss up for choice of innings. The umpires shall change wickets after each party has had one innings.'

Barker would add:—

'The umpires shall change wickets after each party has had one innings, or at any time during

the match, with the consent of both parties. They shall allow no more than half a minute between each ball, two minutes for each striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings, when the party refusing to play shall lose the match. If either of the strikers think that he or his partner is not fairly out, he may appeal to the umpires.'

'XXXVIII. They shall allow two minutes for each striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings. When the umpire shall call "Play," the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

'XXXIX. They are not to order a striker out unless appealed to by the adversaries ;

'XL. But if one of the bowler's feet be not on the ground behind the bowling crease and within the return crease when he shall deliver the ball, the umpire at his wicket, unasked, must call "No ball."

'XLI. If either of the strikers run a short run, the umpire must call "One short."

'XLII. No umpire shall be allowed to bet.

'XLIII. No umpire is to be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both parties, except in case of violation of the 42nd law ; then either party may dismiss the transgressor.'

1747 to 1816.—'That the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall be first applied to, to decide on all catches.'

The practice had been to ask the umpire at the striker's wicket, and never to appeal. The following will prove that the custom of appealing from one umpire to the other in the case of a catch was not according to the earliest rules. In the most ancient book of scores extant, containing matches from the year 1772, we extract the following:—

‘Kent against Hampshire, 1780.—The umpire at the wicket at which Aylward stood, declared that he could not tell whether he hit the ball or not; and it was referred to May, the umpire at the other end, who gave him out. This was a mode of proceeding unprecedented in my remembrance, nor could any one I met with recollect a reference of this nature. It was the opinion of most people that the second umpire ought not to have decided it.’

‘XLIV. After the delivery of four balls the umpire must call “Over,” but not until the ball shall be finally settled in the wicket-keeper's or bowler's hand; the ball shall then be considered dead; nevertheless, if an idea be entertained that either of the strikers is out, a question may be put previously to, but not after, the delivery of the next ball.

‘XLV. The umpire must take especial care to call “No ball” instantly upon delivery; “Wide ball” as soon as it shall pass the striker.’

Barker would add:—

'1. If the umpire call "Over" before the right number of balls shall have been bowled, either party may demand the proper number to be bowled, which may have been agreed upon.

'2. If the bowler is about to bowl more balls than the proper number, either party may demand the umpire to call "Over."'

'3. Though the umpire has called "Over," still if any of the outer side think that either of the strikers is out, an appeal may be made to the umpire any time before, but not after, the delivery of the next ball.'

In some old laws (date unknown) entitled 'Ye Game of Cricket as settled by ye Cricket Club at ye Star and Garter in Pall Mall,' we read the following :—

'LAWS FOR YE UMPIRES.

'To allow 2 Minutes for each man to come in when one is out, and 10 Minutes between Each Hand.—To mark ye Ball that it may not be changed.—They are sole judges of all outs and ins, of all fair and unfair Play of frivolous delays, of all hurts whether real or pretended, and are discretionally to allow what time they think Proper before ye Game goes on again.—In case of a real hurt to a Striker, they are to allow another to come in and the Person hurt to come in again, But are not to allow a fresh Man to Play on either side

on any Account. — They are sole judges of all hindrances, crossing ye Players in running, and Standing unfair to Strike; and in case of hindrance may order a Notch to be Scored.—They are not to order any man out unless appealed to by one of ye Players. These Laws are to ye Umpires Jointly.—Each Umpire is ye Sole Judge of all Nips and Catches, Ins and outs, good or bad runs at his own Wicket: and his determination shall be absolute, and he shall not be changed for another Umpire without ye Consent of both Sides.—When ye 4 Balls are Bowled, he is to call ‘Over.’ These laws are separately. When both Umpires shall call ‘Play’ 3 Times, ’tis at ye Peril of giving ye Game from them that refuse Play.’

As a record of ‘cricket in the olden time,’ Frederick Lillywhite favours us with the following from his very valuable ‘Scores and Biographies,’ a book of which the secretary of every club should order a copy,—admirably done, and interspersed with curious notices from beginning to end:—

‘A few days since we had the pleasure of inspecting a simple but highly interesting relic, the property of W. J. Humphry, Esq., of Donnington. It is simply an old silk pocket-handkerchief, for many years in the possession of Mr. Daniel King, a “formidable” cricketer of this city, who, on his death-bed, in 1836,* requested the token should

* Daniel King died on June 26, 1836, at the age of 53.

be given to his apt pupil, Mr. Humphry, a liberal supporter of the "noble art," and still a useful player. The handkerchief is supposed to be more than 100 years old, and on it is well represented an eleven at play, set out much the same as they would be in the present day, to slow bowling. There are but two stumps, and the bats have broad hatchet-shaped ends. All the players are admirably delineated, and are, doubtless, a faithful representation of some celebrated eleven of that day. The umpires and scorers are dressed in the style of the early part of the 18th century, the latter gracefully reclining on the turf, with their "notch-sticks" in their hands. On the border of the handkerchief the laws of the game are printed in the quaint style of the time. We append a *verbatim* one. It will be seen that the alterations are not material, considering the lapse of time. The handkerchief is now placed in an elegant frame, and from the very tender condition of the article, Mr. Shipley has shown much skill in the manipulation.

' YE LAWS OF YE GAME OF CRICKET.

' Ye pitching of ye first wicket is to be determined by ye cast of a piece of money.

' When ye first wicket is pitched, and ye popping crease cut, which must be exactly 3 feet 10 inches from ye wicket, ye other wicket is to be pitched

directly opposite, at 22 yards distance, and ye other popping crease cut 3 feet 10 inches before it.

‘Ye bowling creases must be cut in a direct line from each stump.

‘Ye stumps must be 22 inches long, and ye bail 6 inches. Ye ball must weigh between 5 and 6 ounces. When ye wickets are both pitched, and all ye creases cut, ye party that wins ye toss up may order which side shall go in first at his option. Ye bowler must deliver ye ball with one foot behind ye crease even with ye wicket, and when he has bowled one ball or more, shall bowl to ye number of 4 before he changes wickets, and he shall change but once in ye same innings. He may order ye player that is in at his wicket to stand on which side of it he pleases at a reasonable distance.

‘If he delivers ye ball with his hinder foot over ye bowling crease, ye umpire shall call no ball though she be struck, or ye player is bowled out, which he shall do without being asked, and no person shall have any right to ask him. If ye wicket is bowled down, its out. If he strikes or treads down, or he falls himself upon his wicket in striking (but not in over-running), its out. A stroke or nipp over or under his ball, or upon his hands (but not arms), if ye ball be held before he touches ground, though she be hug’d to the body, its out.’

‘If in striking both his feet are over the popping crease, and his wicket put down, except his batt is down within, its out. If he runs out his ground to hinder a catch, its out. If a ball is nipp’d and he strikes her again wilfully before she comes to ye wicket, its out. If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for ye wicket that is put down, is out. If in running a match, the wicket is struck down by a throw before his foot, hand, or batt, is over the popping crease, or a stump hit by ye ball, though the bail was down, its out. But if ye bail is down before, he that catches ye ball must strike a stump out of the ground, ball in hand, then its out. If ye striker touches or takes up ye ball before she is lain quite still, unless asked by ye bowler, or wicket-keeper, its out. When ye ball has been in hand by one of ye keepers or stoppers, and ye player has been at home, he may go where he pleases till ye next ball is bowled. If either of ye strikers is cross’d in his running-ground designedly, which design must be determined by ye umpires. N.B. Ye umpire may order the notch to be scored. When the ball is hit up, either of ye strikers may hinder ye catch in his running-ground; or if she’s hit directly across ye wicket, ye other player may place his body anywhere within ye swing of ye batt, so as to hinder ye bowler from catching her; but he must neither strike at her, nor touch her with his hands.

‘If a striker nips a ball up just before him, he may fall before his wicket, or pop down his bat, before she comes to it, to save it.

‘Ye bail hanging on one stump, though ye ball hit ye wicket, its not out. Ye wicket-keepers shall stand at a reasonable distance behind ye wicket, and shall not move till ye ball is out of ye bowler’s hand, and shall not by any noise incommode ye striker; and if his hands, knees, feet, or head, be over or before ye wicket, though ye ball hit it, it shall not be out. To allow two minutes for each man to come in when one is out, and ten minutes between each hand. To mark ye ball that it may not be changed. They are sole judges of all outs and inns, and of all fair and unfair play, of all frivolous delays, of all hurts, whether real or pretended, and are discretionally to allow what time they think proper before ye game goes on again. In case of a real hurt to a striker, they are to allow another to come in, and ye person hurt to come in again, but are not to allow a fresh man to play on either side on any account. They are sole judges of all hindrances, crossing ye players in running, and standing unfair to strike, and in cases of hindrances may order a notch to be scored. They are not to order any man out, unless appealed to by any one of ye players. These laws are to ye umpires jointly. Each umpire is ye sole judge of all nips and catches, ins and outs, good or bad

runs at his own wicket, and his determination shall be absolute, and he shall not be changed for another umpire without ye consent of both sides. When the four balls are bowled, he is to call over. These laws are separately. When both umpires call play three times, 'tis at ye peril of giving ye game from them that refuse to play.'

'XLVII. When one of the strikers shall have been put out, the use of the bat shall not be allowed to any person until the next striker shall come in.'

The following is appended to the M. C. C. Laws:—

'The Committee of the Marylebone Club think it desirable that, previously to the commencement of a match, one of each side should be declared the manager of it; and that the new laws with respect to substitutes may be carried out in a spirit of fairness and mutual concession, it is their wish that such substitutes be allowed in all reasonable cases, and that the umpire should inquire if it is done with the consent of the manager of the opposite side.

'Complaints having been made that it is the practice of some players when at the wicket to make holes in the ground for a footing, the Committee are of opinion that the umpires should be empowered to prevent it.'

It was, many years since, a stipulation of the

M. C. C. that they would play no matches without professional umpires. The experience of the All England Elevens, even in these days of advanced civilization, shows the wisdom of the rule. Far north there is an idea that a Yorkshire Eleven should have an umpire of their own, as a kind of Old Bailey witness, to swear for Yorkshire through thick and thin. This reminds us of what any one may read in Twiss's 'Life of Eldon,'—that on the Northern Circuit one jury gave him verdicts all day long, because he was a countryman !

Late experience has shown that professional umpires involve a kind of conventional decisions instead of right decisions. Men 'who live to please, must please to live.' An umpire at Lord's simply reflects the opinion of the M. C. C., or what he supposes to be the opinion.—A certain bowler 'has been allowed, and the gentlemen seem to like it; therefore,' said Caldecourt, 'what does it matter to us?'—Caldecourt had once got into hot water by putting his right of private judgment to the test; and ever since, *quid refert dum felix sis* has been the prevailing sentiment among professionals as regards their employers.

Certainly it might sometimes be difficult to find an amateur to stand as umpire; neither would it be any improvement if he were always a member of the club which gets up the match: but certainly if all 'local judges' were deemed disqualified, and

if independent men were drawn from a distance to stand umpires, the bowling would never have been as wild and as dangerous as now.

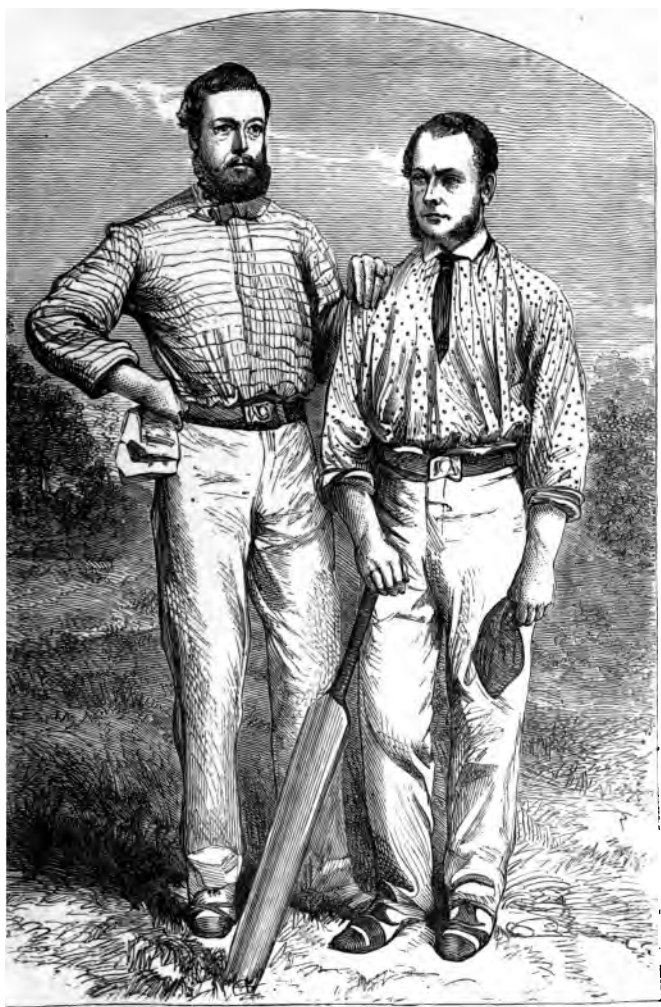
We object, therefore, to professionals as not independent; though in point of ability to judge, few amateurs could compete with them. An umpire requires practice, to concentrate attention on every ball; and no small part of an umpire's qualification consists in knowing just where danger lurks, and where a question is likely to arise. No umpire who does not know for what questions he should be chiefly on the alert, will find himself able to pronounce on all the points liable to arise throughout a long match.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO 'ALL ENGLAND' ELEVENS.*

NO, they could not save it! Robert Carpenter did his best, and in the second innings George Griffiths backed him up manfully both with bat and ball,—ay, so well did he bowl that many a friend of the United bit his nails with vexation to think that Griffiths had not been put on to bowl in the first innings. And what was Grundy doing?—a first-class bowler, and not put on! We did hear that he had not recovered of a sprain, and thus was his bowling lost to his side—a very great loss indeed. But there was one more blunder made. Why did not little Sewell play? There are few better bats, few fieldsmen as good; and as to his bowling, it might have saved the game. Sewell's bowling, with its spinning pace, as also dead upon the wicket, was the very thing to have paid off the enemy in his own coin.—For, it was not the bowling of the All England, it was the bumpy ground that did the mischief; indeed, no man, unless it be

* Comments, in 'London Society,' on the match of 1863.



H. H. STEPHENSON.

CAFFYN.

Carpenter—for he is a perfect wonder in playing cricket under difficulties—can be safe with swift bowling and Wilsher's hand-over-head delivery upon rough ground. Therefore we say Sewell might have done some damage and saved the game. He might, at all events, have put the United in the way of that luck which almost invariably favours swift bowling at Lord's. For, where the ground is hard and rough, the swifter the bowling the more the luck; and as to high bowling like Wilsher's, it is cruel to see how the ground will beat the play.

As it was, all the luck was on the All England side. H. H. Stephenson batted well, very well, we grant; he plays *quite* straight, as does also Daft; and that is more than we can say of all in the two Elevens. Still, Stephenson more than once scored a four, when another day a catch would have sent him back 'a returned convict'—we mean nothing personal to so good a man—to the pavilion.

Now, this is the hardest and most vexatiously trying point in the game of cricket.—A bowler shall bowl for a catch, or to lead the batsman into some soft and easy delusion. The very ball shall be delivered that the bowler cunningly devised: the very mistake shall be committed for which that bowler played: and, after all, he shall be amerced and punished by a hit for Four, when Dame Fortune, had she only the soul of a cricketer, would have

rewarded him with a catch or a wicket!—Nevertheless H. H. Stephenson played well—worthy of the leader of the Eleven to the Australian colonies, there to reap for himself and friends ‘golden opinions from all kinds of men.’ He also played more steadily than of yore, and heartily do we congratulate him on his improvement. He carried out his bat for ‘*not out—72*,’ and made very few mistakes in proportion to so long an innings.

Why the United did not change the bowling before he had done nearly all the mischief, we cannot tell. However, the same error was committed on the other side. Some say that a kindly and considerate feeling actuates the professionals, and that, playing, as most of them do, for their bread, and depending on public opinion, they are scrupulous about seeming to depreciate the performances of each other by a change.—If such be the reason, all we can advise is, that for the future they will make a frequent change of bowling the rule, and let it no longer appear the invidious exception. What! when Wilsher was getting all the wickets and Jackson out of luck, not change for a bowler who might keep the stumps falling at two ends instead of one!

This unwillingness to change bowling is the most common error and the greatest in the management of a match. The great secret of a change of bowling depends on a change of time; and, as

a proof, it is rewarded by a catch quite as often as by a wicket. Why, the moment Hayward took the ball, Stephenson (we know he will excuse us) played the first two or three overs like a very muff, so bewildered was he as to time and distance, and some wickets fell, if not his, immediately.

The manager of a match ought to discern the moment the batsman has sight of the fall, plays well in time, in a commanding way, and understands it. 'Sixteen runs made by any two players,' Mr. Aislaby used to say, 'require a change of bowling.' Every time a batsman encounters a new bowler, his hitting is comparatively suspended: it is like beginning a new innings; and while making his observations anew, his hitting, as well as his defence, are weaker than before. When Rowbotham and Thewlis were *in* together, both playing well and confidently, it was quite evident that they knew all about it; still, no one thought of a change, and but for a fine piece of stumping by Lockyer, every other ball from the same bowlers would have been a ball too much.

In so advising, we care not one straw how good the bowling may be in the abstract; the question is, 'Is that bowling being played or being "muffed"?' If the batsman shows full command as knowing all about it, then change the bowling, though you change for the worse. Alter the *time*, and then, if need be, put the same men on again;

a rest will do no harm ; though, ‘ consider the weather,’ said Hillyer, ‘ and take care you don’t let me grow cold and stiff.’

A very sensible piece of generalship won the match at Badminton against the Zingari in 1860, by only the anxious number *six*. The best bowler was bowling very well ; there was no reason for a change, save that he was not successful ; he was changed for one certainly not his equal, and the wickets fell at once.

But to return to the last great match. With all due praise for others, Robert Carpenter’s was *the* innings of this match. In all our experience we doubt if we ever saw its equal in this respect ; that while the high delivery—High ? Yes ; a downright throw, and nothing else, was Wilsher’s—and bumpy ground seemed to put all the game within the sphere of chance : Carpenter played the whole innings for 60 *and not out*, not only without giving one chance, but literally without a single injudicious hit—without throwing one chance away.

As to Wilsher’s bowling, we affirm it is a throw for more reasons than one. First, his hand is high, no man’s higher ; still he may say, Others break the law, and you must no-ball too many if for hand too high you no-ball me. But, secondly, the action is that of throwing, not at all like bowling. For, of throwing there are two sorts : the one by the lash out of the arm and

sudden lock of the elbow ; the other, a straight-armed throw, or heave over and downward, when the thrower makes the left foot the pivot and the fulcrum of his power. Bear this in mind, umpires, and then look at Wilsher !

We did hear the observation, that Carpenter might have made more 'drives' to the long field. However, we excuse him for the bumpy ground, and the more so because, in one of his attempts to drive, the ball rose abruptly, and was almost too much for him.

The question of legitimate bowling is practically one, not for the umpires as servants or dependents on Lord's or the Oval, but for the gentlemen of those clubs themselves. 'The thing is allowed,' said Caldecourt to us ; 'the gentlemen are pleased and happy, so what does it matter to me ? I once put my head into a hornets'-nest by no-balling according to my conscience. There was an attempt on the part of certain gentlemen to support me ; still, I was not the happier for it, I can assure you.'

But, as we were speaking of Carpenter, his play is a study for any one. He combines great natural quickness, an excellent hand and eye, with a most cautious system of play. Cautious, we say, but not tediously cautious. He has plenty of hit in him, and has none of the stiff, abstracted habit so common with safe players, and which

really makes their play anything but play, and more like a grave and serious operation. In other words, Carpenter is worth looking at. He and Hayward are two players whom every spectator feels delighted to find just about to go to the wicket. And this power of delighting every looker-on is, with a professional, almost indispensable. For, why do we subscribe to great matches—why do we lay down our five-pound notes to engage either of the All England Elevens to play All Muggleton and twenty miles round? Only for the amusement of seeing play worth looking at. Daft is very safe, and plays straight; but there is much to copy and admire, as he is easy and elegant in his movements. Nor does any man stand more composed or upright. At one time he was not an interesting player, but now (1864) his style is as near perfection as possible.

This want of invention and interest always attached to Diver: he was formal and mechanical—one of those very correct and proper people whom we always much approve but never want to see again. In respect of delighting the spectators—Parr is decidedly before Pilch, and Mr. Charles Taylor was before either. Had our fortune depended on the game, we might have chosen differently; but, if you ask us whose innings we would rather see, we should put Wenman on a level with Pilch, Parr before them, and Mr. Charles Taylor

before them all. Judged by the same rule, Carpenter is still a fine player. He keeps the field alive, and plays an interesting as well as a proper game. Hayward in this respect is Carpenter's equal quite, and perhaps rather his superior; though Carpenter we would rather back for runs, —especially in playing cricket under difficulties.

One reason that both Carpenter and Hayward are interesting players is, that they both stand up like men; they play high—not grubbing about the block-hole, but with full use of all their limbs. No man ever was more indifferent to a shooter, however fast, than Carpenter. In 1860 he scored one hundred (wanting but three) runs against All England at Lord's, and stopped shooters by dozens. He did the same on Monday, the 9th June, to the admiration of all, though, by the rain and the dinner, he had four interruptions, like four innings to begin again.

And here we will venture an opinion, which some will deem a paradox—it is because Carpenter does play high that he is so quick and certain with a shooter. You doubt this, my friends? Very well; then only take your bat in hand, and experiment. Try what quickness of action you can command in dropping down on imaginary shooters; try first standing easy and upright, with right leg straight, and therefore that limb at rest, and most ready to start into sudden action.

Next, try the same action with the limb bent, and therefore cramped and crippled; try it when stooping in that awkward posture, alas! too common, which, far from meditating any counter-attack, looks as if the whole soul of the man were intent on nothing more ambitious than to prevent the ball from grovelling into the wicket.

This experiment will convince any one that, with a ball which depends entirely on quickness, the manly attitude is the safer of the two. We might expatiate on having a better sight of the ball, and on our greater readiness in decrying a dangerous length—which sight is improved by holding up your head like a man and looking down upon the pitch; we might argue about that commanding position which enables you to cover a yard more ground, and therefore to ‘nip in the bud’ or drive away many a would-be shooter by meeting it at the pitch; but we are content simply to say that playing high is a decided advantage, even with shooters and the lowest balls, and that this style of high play is one secret of Carpenter’s safety with shooting balls.

Secondly, Carpenter is a player who seems to remember that ‘battles are won with legs as well as arms.’ No man is better upon his legs. He moves readily and confidently, so as to command the ball. He is not a man to be tied to his ground, though a very unlikely man to be stumped out. For, a good player only leaves his ground for such

balls as he could command, though less easily, at home. We hold it to be a golden rule, 'Walk in or draw in, if you please, but never run in,' because the hop-step-and-jump action plainly implies that the pitch was too short, and that that ball had better be played at home.

Thirdly, Carpenter never plays beyond his reach, or by guess; always by sight, and denying himself in every hit not certainly within his power to command. In this respect he contrasts most favourably with Caffyn. Caffyn, in this very match, hit twice by guess in a short innings of about ten balls; he deserved to be out the first time, and he was out the second. We have even seen Hayward hit a ball square to the leg out of the middle stump, and cut rather by anticipation of the rise than by the ball itself; but not so Carpenter: he puts nothing within the power of fortune, and strikingly exemplifies the truth, that if a player will only avoid all the chances that he has no occasion to give, the bowler will be a long time hitting the very few openings that will then remain.

And this observation leads us to remark how wonderful are the instances of proficiency with the bat even under manifest disadvantages. Robinson, one of the finest players of Lord Frederick Beauclerc's day, had a hand maimed by a burn, and played with a bat grooved in the handle to suit his stunted fingers. We have known a man

with very little use in one arm among the best batsmen of his day. And as to age, Mr. Ward, Mr. Budd, and Lord Frederick Beauclerk when near sixty years of age would have shown—in practice, at least, where no running was required—a system both of hitting and of defence which would have been superior to that of many a younger man.

As to age, weight, or height, we have had no slight variety in the All England Elevens. George Parr was not deemed too young for an All England man at eighteen years of age, nor Clarke and Lillywhite too old when past fifty—Mr. Mynn was not too big for an All England man at twenty stone, nor Mr. Mackinson at less than half that weight. One of the gentlemen sent up to represent Cambridge at Tennis did not weigh above eight stone, and he and ‘Brother Tom,’ of the same weight, could ill be spared from any Eleven in the West of England.

Old Lillywhite looked about as unlikely a man for a cricketer as you could pick out of a crowd,—about five feet high and very little over, and about the shape and proportions of a ninepin. Now, we have never had any doubt but that Lillywhite owed his success as a bowler to the shortness of his stature. But for the fact that what was delivered high for Lilly was low for anybody else, we suspect he never would have been allowed to bowl in quite as killing a way

as he wished to do. For, certain invidious people would pretend that they had taken the level of Lilly's hat the other side of a wall, and seeing nothing of Lilly's self, they could yet catch sight of Lilly's hand every ball he bowled. 'That is very likely,' said Caldecourt; 'but for all that Lilly *can* bowl low; but it is when the umpire is not particular, that Lilly bowls a hundred times better than any man ever did bowl.' When Lilly met with a country umpire who thought, because it was Lillywhite, 'whatever is is right,' it was cruel to see how Lilly would spin among the knuckles and rattle among the stumps.

We believe that Lilly's bowling and Lilly's throwing, nature had been so kind as to make remarkably alike. To Lillywhite it was quite natural to use his arm in the round-arm-bowling style. His throw in fielding was very like his bowling. Some said the same natural facility was true of Redgate,—but, be that as it may, it was chiefly because Lilly was a very short man that his high bowling so often went unquestioned.

But Lilly could also bat,—that is, when he liked it. For, 'when all the bowling was done, and his side in difficulties, Lilly,' said Mr. C. Taylor, 'has often surprised us with the stand he could make for the benefit of the score.'

But nothing can convey so clear and vivid an impression that cricket is a game suited to all sorts

and sizes of men than the well-known picture of the All England Eleven, where Mynn looks as if he could put Wisden in his pocket, and where the impression with the uninitiated is quite unavoidable, that if one-half the men are in their right place, the other half must be a bad choice indeed.

As to age, it must never be forgotten that William Clarke, the matchless slow bowler, was turned of fifty before he ever was known as a first-rate man.

One word about Clarke and the old-fashioned underhand bowling.

Clarke's was the old underhand bowling, and nothing else. Clarke told us that he learnt more from the celebrated Lambert, of Lord Frederick's day, than from any other man. Lambert was a bowler to Clarke's fancy. Of Warsop, a famous Nottingham bowler of the same date, Clarke spoke quite as highly. So Clarke was nothing more nor less than a good specimen of the old underhand bowling come up again.

We are well aware men are unwilling to admit this. They talk of Clarke's 'slows,' and now 'slows' is the name for almost all underhand bowling,—for Tinley's or Mr. Vincent Walker's, which will run down to the pavilion, if Longstop misses it, all the same.

But, slow or not, Clarke used to exult in send-

ing men back after their gloves ; and, as he once said to us, ' It wants a certain pace to make a really good ball.'

The truth was that Clarke succeeded by virtue of two things in his bowling, one of which he knew himself, and the other of which we claim the credit of having told him ; he never knew it before, though he caught at our explanation and appropriated it very fast, when we did tell him of it.

1. What Clarke thought was, that it was entirely the pitch—the exact length—which did the mischief. This was a great point, no doubt, but not all. Else, how was it that he settled in five minutes men who could play the length of Lillywhite for half an hour ? Still, the exact length, according to each player's deficiencies, besides varying the pace, and (which Clarke boasted he alone could do) without indicating the change by anything observable in his delivery,—this alone were enough to dispose of most men, especially if we consider that Clarke had naturally a bias in his delivery : his elbow, he said, was bowed from an accident to his arm, and that if he bowled up to the pavilion instead of down at Lord's, the bias, from the slope of the ground, was too great to be useful. Now, a bias with underhand bowling, is more effective, because more insidious, than with a high delivery ; and if a man played ' fast-footed' and forward, Clarke could bowl a ball that would

miss his bat, or take the edge for the benefit of short slip.

We once remember saying, 'How do you dispose of Mr. A. C.?'

'Nothing easier, Sir: I bowl him three balls to make him proud of his forward play, and then with the fourth I pitch shorter, twist, and catch him at the slip.'

'The way,' said John Marshall, 'Clarke has foretold me what chance he would give me for a catch at Cover, is among the marvels of the game.'

Every cricketer knows that there is a spot between the batsman and the bowler which, when the ball pitches on it, 'causes,' as Mr. Felix said, 'the most indescribable sensations.' 'Every player knows that out of many good lengths he will have one far more perplexing than any other. Now it was this very length that Clarke most cruelly would bowl,—it was this very spot on which most mercilessly he would pitch; and, though a man felt happy at having escaped the first ball of the sort, Clarke would soon see he did not like it, and that he winced under the operation; and, coolly remarking, 'We shall have a haccident, Muster Felix, I know we shall,' he would repeat the dose, and generally with effect. 'In short, Sir,' said one man, in intense disgust, 'Clarke began with establishing a raw—finding

out a sore place,—and after that he worked away most pitilessly till he brought me to grief.’

2. But what Clarke did not know till we told him was, that the real difficulty lay in the *curve*. Men thought it was the tediously slow pace. Absurd! As if a slow ball were harder to see than a swift one. That it may be harder to judge because you have a curve to allow for, is another matter. With a curve, till the ball begins to descend you cannot tell it will not go over your head; again, the pitch can be nearer and the sight of the ball shorter. A curve never pitches as near as it appears to pitch. Descending in a curve, the rise take a curve too—if you Cut you may Cut through it; if you hit across to leg, you cannot be sure it will not take the edge of your bat and fly up. Therefore, add the difficulties of the parabola to the tact, and precision, and the bias of Clarke’s bowling, and no wonder he succeeded with men of whom not one in a thousand ever thought of what we now explain, and which it is essential to know.

No doubt, when Clarke’s name was once up, the very fear of him gave him no slight advantage. ‘While standing Point,’ said Mr. Felix, ‘I have seen a big strong fellow at the wicket, the bat literally trembling in his hand. Really, I have quite felt for many a man when Clarke was bowling at him; and after being dodged and non-plussed,

it seemed, however absurd to say so, quite a relief to a man who had come out for a day's pleasure, to be put out of his misery !'

To Daniel Day and Caffyn, Clarke once bowled sixty balls without a run ; but if he puzzled Daniel when batting, he really taught him to bowl. For one or two seasons, Daniel Day's bowling was true enough for him to make experiments quite to Clarke's fancy. No bowler who does not bowl true can venture 'to pitch well up,' and to drive the batsman into forward play ; because a leg ball pitched well up ought never to go unpunished. But Day being sufficiently straight, Clarke bowled him in his All England Eleven during the whole of one season. And his advice, or rather instructions, were these : ' Mind, Daniel, whatever you do, that you never let any man play you back. Most men are rather weak in their forward play ; so that is the point on which to try them,—and all men want time to see and think about it after the ball has pitched ; so that is the very accommodation you must not let them have.' The consequence was that Daniel Day astonished himself as well as others with the execution done by his bowling. Would that we had a Clarke to teach the bowlers of the present day ! For, now the play is almost entirely back ; and Over after Over is bowled without any attempt on the part of the bowler to give (as he should do) a continually shorter sight of the ball till the batsman is driven on to forward play.

Players will tell you that the old style is replaced by something better in the way of forward play. We have heard Parr say that the same lengths which Pilch and his contemporaries used to lay down before a forward bat, players now would drive away for threes and fours, and that therefore bowlers dare not bowl such lengths. But he will allow us to say, such thing is impossible to be done player-like and safely. That there is a way of hitting forward before the rise of the ball is seen, and making guess hits,—risking a catch if the ball rises too much, and risking a wicket if it does not rise at all,—we are well aware. This is the secret of Caffyn's brilliant hits—for, hits between wind and water, or that free swing of the bat which by good luck meets the ball sharply springing from the ground, looks very brilliant. But Lillywhite and Cobbett would repeat the same ball, not at all discouraged by such hits as these. We well remember Lillywhite exclaiming, 'If he can hit that, Sir, he can hit anything; but we'll try him again another pace; depend on it, that isn't the play to last.' The ball repeated took the middle stump.

One reason for forward play being rare is, that in these railway days the All England Elevens, who set the fashion, must adopt a style of play that will serve for all grounds, soft and hard, wet and dry, and heavy as well as light. Certainly,

to vary your game according to the ground is not easy. To play sometimes more back and sometimes more forward causes conflicting habits. There is, therefore, the same reason against this double game that there is against 'going in to hit,' namely, that to discriminate coolly and to restrain yourself is the difficulty; and though a first-rate player should be able to go in safely, it does not suit the temper and the self-command of one man in a hundred.

But the chief reason that there is so much back play is, that there is comparatively little spin, and consequently little variety, in modern bowling. The spin renders back play more hazardous; it also defies all guess hitting and swiping, instead of driving by the old and steady forward play. The bowlers play too many matches in these railway days, and are never quite fresh from the beginning of the season to the end. Fresh, indeed! Why, they pray for a wet day, and then are but too glad to go to bed! And when a bowler is tired, his action is mechanical,—there is little play or quiver of the wrist, and therefore no spin or 'devil' in the ball. The very unequal performance of the same bowler on different days is all owing to this fact, that sometimes he is himself, and sometimes not,—sometimes a mere dull bowling automaton, and sometimes 'every inch a man.'

Those who suppose that the batting of the pre-

sent day would have hit about the bowling of the past, must be pleased to tell us how it is that maiden overs last just as long as the bowling is true. Why, even on the Surrey ground, level as a bowling green, Grundy, last year, being 'well upon the mark,' got wickets for runs not worth scoring; ay, and two such men would that day have put out one of the best Elevens of the season for fifty runs. With Lillywhite, two leg balls in a long innings was as many as you could expect; whereas now you see one, and sometimes more leg hits made or attempted nearly every over.

This overwork on the part of the bowlers, with sore feet and swollen legs, hardly fit to walk to their wicket, accounts for the long scores of last year. We say this advisedly, with all due allowance for the five-ton rollers that are now on every public ground. This we say on the authority of the best bowlers themselves. The best bowlers, being engaged in the two All England Elevens, play two matches, that is, on an average, five days a week, from the month of May till October, and are rattled hundreds of miles in railway trains by the way of rest. We would not deprive any country club of the honour of beating an All England Eleven when the game is won; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that were those Elevens as fresh as those who play them, it would make a difference sometimes of half the score.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLAYERS' GAME CHARACTERIZED—ALL ENGLAND
ELEVENS.

ONE of the most experienced and the first amateur of his day, himself a bowler, thinks that freshness is so far essential to a bowler, that he ought not to get many runs, even if he can. Lilly-white, he says, certainly used to act on this principle: he usually went in last, and generally seemed indifferent to his innings.

As to Clarke, when others were practising batting, before the bell rang he used to walk round the ground, and make his observations after this manner:—

‘There, that gentlemen plays fast-footed; I shall soon sum up him. There is another, as good as ready money to me.’

‘And after going his rounds,’ said Mr. Felix, ‘I would ask how many they were good for, and I used to be surprised at the way he could calculate the score of any side, even of twenty-two, before a ball was bowled.’

Independently of greater freshness, there is another advantage that an Eleven of gentlemen have

over an Eleven of players; the one side is playing freely and carelessly for its pleasure, the other is playing fearfully and nervously for a livelihood. 'Yes, it is very fair to laugh, gentlemen, one among another,' said a professional, 'when a gentleman comes out without a run; but with us it is no laughing matter, for on a man's average depends his bread, and a few unlucky innings, especially before his name is well up, puts him out of the stream at once.'

We remember once when the United Eleven played at Bath, an umpire, now a distinguished player, made a mistake, and it was voted to change him; whereupon one of the Eleven whispered to our friend John Marshall, 'Please to let it pass, Sir; you would be sorry *to ruin him*: he is a promising colt; and you don't know how bad it will be for him.' John Marshall was not the man to turn a deaf ear to such a hint as this.

While so much depends on success with a professional, no wonder that a peculiar kind of caution characterizes the player's game. When Matthew Kempson had done his full share of the bowling the last time that the Gentlemen beat the Players, he remarked to us that he had not half the fear of being punished for an overpitched ball as when bowling at Cambridge. We have heard others say the same of their experience in bowling against an All England Eleven. And perhaps it is this

utter fearlessness, as well as knowing the exact time of their own grounds, and being in practice to the latest moment, that accounts for the fact that the best bowlers of the day have been more cut about at Oxford and at Cambridge than by any of the older players they have encountered during all the rest of the season. This degree of caution on the part of professionals makes rather a winning than an interesting game.

As to the winning game, the players might learn a little from amateurs, and amateurs might also learn a little from players. A first-rate game would be a combination of the two. The players might display, as we say at billiards, a little more 'invention,' and the amateurs a little less, and not try a bigger game than they can bring to perfection. The billiard player who copies Kentfield's game does not always consider that he should have a little of Kentfield's execution, and be in something like Kentfield's state of practice. The same applies to cricket. Amateurs are too commonly doing 'everything by starts, and nothing long;' they form conflicting habits; they are always in a transition state, and have too many hits running in their heads to be trusted to play a steady and consistent innings in any match you require them to play. Another drawback is that they are apt to play rather to 'the ring' and the spectators than to the score. They try an ambitious game, far beyond their own powers to carry out.

On the other hand, the player has generally only the common hits, but he is perfect in them. The game he plays as a youth he plays as a man, and this is usually a limited game—not too much to think of; and such is the game for all grounds and all weather. We say, not too much to think of; and no little depends on this. The muscles fitfully obey the will, and quiver in unison with the mind. ‘The wish is father to the *action*.’ The man yearning for a cut or a leg hit can rarely help trying it at the wrong ball. Let a man make one or two brilliant hits, and be cheered all round the ground, and we always expect he will try the same again, however unsuitable the ball. Daft plays a most effective game, but at one time it was a very limited one; provided he could keep up his stumps, he never seemed to think runs important; indeed, he let the runs come of themselves, and, since he could hit prettily when he liked it, come they did in course of time, but Daft is a fine free hitter now.

For this reason—the pleasure of the spectators as well as the improvement of cricket—we think it a mistake to allow professionals so extensively to take the place of amateurs in the great matches that are made. There are always some gentlemen who should never be left out, even of an All England match. No one can look on at any match, however unequal, between the Players and the Gentlemen of England without seeing that

there is an element in the play of the Gentlemen which might, with much advantage, be introduced into the other side. We mean, the spirit and activity with which they play, the sharp running between the wickets, and a little extra dash in the fielding, as well as variety and 'invention' with the bat. Add to this, Gentlemen play better when mixed with Players. To walk up to the wicket and play an everyday game with full confidence, when all the professionals of England are ranged against him, is no little trial to the nerve of a young player. And this accounts for no small part of the inequality between the Gentlemen and the Players. *Possunt quia posse videntur*—'for they can conquer who believe they can'—is marvellously true in cricket. Let the idea that he cannot play Wilsher's or Jackson's bowling take possession of some young Cantab's mind as he is going in, and he is already in a fair way of coming out. And if that idea is not quite influential enough to complete the rout of his wits and paralysis of half his powers, let him catch a glimpse of that sly and sharp fellow, Tom Lockyer, behind him, watching cat-like, as he does, every movement, and ready with not a few artful dodges, (especially against two-and-twenty, 'when,' says Lockyer, 'we can't afford to be particular,') to abbreviate his innings.

Some of Lockyer's dodges are amusing. Sometimes, in picking up the ball a yard or two from

the bat, he will send it back-handed suddenly into the wicket, for the chance of the man's being off his ground. Sometimes he holds the ball as wicket-keeper, silently and stealthily till the player—good easy man—lifts his leg to ease his attitude, thinking for that ball all is right and over, when a rattle at his stumps tells him of his fond illusion. 'Once, down in Hampshire,' said Lockyer, 'a gentleman, after playing a ball, needs must lift his leg to scratch himself, so then I had him in a minute.' But the most cruel thing of all was this:—'That bit of dirt, Sir, might turn the ball next time.' 'Yes,' said the flat, 'I'll pick it up.' This was all that Lockyer wanted; the man was stumped in a second!—Of course the sympathies of the umpire are rather on the side of an Eleven than on that of the Twenty-two, otherwise some of these dodges would hardly pass.

At all events, so sharp a practitioner is found rather cramping and discouraging to many a man who feels quite at his ease on Cowley Marsh or 'Parker's Piece.'

On this point, what we most complain of is, that because the Players annually beat the Gentlemen,—the best eleven of the one against (not the best by any means but) the best that the M. C. C. can command of the other,—it appears to be concluded that Gentlemen do not exhibit the best of cricket. On the contrary, with about three ex-

ceptions out of the Players' Eleven, any judge of cricket would rather see the Gentlemen bat. In making the runs also they are far better worth seeing; and as to fielding, the Players, however steady and trustworthy, are almost invariably too old for first-rate fielding. The Players, though decidedly superior on the whole, are not as superior to the Gentlemen in real cricket as the score would represent. Nerve and the habit of playing in public, as also, being used to Lord's (a very peculiar kind of ground), and being one and all in practice and condition,—all this has very much to do with the success of the Players. That they are superior on the whole, chosen as the sides have been of late years, there is no doubt. All we mean is, that their real superiority is less than any one day's score would appear to represent.

As to the choice of the Gentlemen's Eleven, we have no doubt the M. C. C. select as well as they can; but the best Eleven Gentlemen no one man or committee of men could easily command; whereas the best Eleven of the Players, or an Eleven as good as any, it is far easier to bring together. Of course the bowling constitutes the chief strength of every side, and therefore the years when Messrs. Mynn, Fellowes, and Mat Kempson were respectively at their best, were also among the few years when the Gentlemen were triumphant. 'Add to this,' says Mr. C. Taylor,

'the Gentlemen's Eleven at the present day is formed of men too little acquainted with each other's play. One match we won decidedly by the great advantage of a quick perception of each other's tactics. Pilch and Martingell were in together, with little chance of parting them. A ball to me as wicket-keeper was let pass to Pickering at long-slip; he kicked it, and appeared to miss it. I knew what he was about, and stood prepared for a quick return,—the ruse succeeded. Martingell attempted the run, and his wicket was down in an instant. This decided the match; few more runs were made; and though we had a long score against us, still we made them all, and the victory was ours.'

But as regards the life and prospects of a professional, a place in one of the two All England Elevens is, of course, the stepping-stone to distinction with professionals, and these places are few indeed; so the election of one player is the exclusion of another. Certainly there appears to be no want of good-fellowship among professionals, though with them—as with actors, prima donnas, and, we fear we must add, with barristers on circuit, and, in short, wherever the places and the prizes can be but few, however many or meritorious the competitors—rivalry and jealousy are often rife indeed. From one who could speak feelingly of a player's life, we heard that Redgate's

love of the flowing cup was rather encouraged than checked by those who coveted his fame and fortune as a bowler. Nor was that the only instance our friend could quote of similar attempts to trip up a formidable rival, and to cut short a victorious career.

However, regarded as a class, cricketers by profession are a remarkably respectable set of men. We once endeavoured to find one single instance in which any professional of note had fallen under the heavier penalties of the law. One Kent man, we heard, had been transported for a deed done in a fit of passion, and this was the sole exception to qualify the general rule of professional propriety.

‘A short life, and a merry one,’ is all the professional can hope, as regards his cricketing existence; younger and more brilliant men tread upon his heels. Popular applause is proverbially capricious, and the smoking, drinking, and good living during the summer, contrasted with greens and bacon—and not too much of the latter—all through the winter,—all this is unfavourable to the preservation of high cricketing condition. Parr is the only man remaining of the original All England Eleven. James Dean had a long reign,—in spite of obesity, a good man to the last. Grundy claims a benefit this year, and deserves a good one; for, after twenty years’ service, he would be one of the

first chosen out of All England, especially when the play is first-rate, and the bowling is likely to make runs scarce. But these are rare exceptions at the present day; for now five-and-thirty is old for an All England man: whereas Pilch and Lillywhite, and their friends, were deemed quite young at five-and-forty,—there being, in those days, a smaller community of cricketing from which rivals could spring up with equal skill and greater activity to dispute the palm with those once high in favour.

We may add, that in those days, the celebrated players had more of a monopoly. Men might hold their place secure of the name they once had earned, though past their best.

‘Nothing,’ said Lillywhite, ‘will any young player do without the patronage of the gentlemen of the Marylebone Club;’ and they were always honourably reluctant to desert an old friend tried in many a hard-fought field: but there is free trade in cricket as in other things. Now, undoubtedly, the competition is far more rife and active. The Oval rears cricketers as well as Lord’s: and each manager of the two All England Elevens knows that if he passes over any instance of provincial talent, the other will pick him up and play him off against them.

Having no little knowledge of the players’ life, we have also much sympathy with their fortunes.

We are, therefore, sorry to observe, though we can fully appreciate the difficulty, that so few cricketers have any trade or calling on which to fall back when the eye is no longer keen as of old, and the right hand has forgot its cunning. Caffyn will cut hair and shave all the winter, and play cricket in the summer; and Wisden and John Lillywhite fall back upon their repositories for cricket stores; but, with a few exceptions, the old cricketer, like the old stage-coachman, can do nobody's work when once thrown out of his own.

We have a lively recollection of hearing a hard-working, striving woman, not far from Brighton, say, 'Had I my time to come over again, I would never marry a cricketer.'

'But think of the honour, Mrs. B.!

'I can't live upon the honour, Sir; and, now B. has done with play, his past life makes him above bottling spirits and drawing beer. He has been used to live so well, to be flattered and made much of; for a cricketer's life *does* always make a working man so lazy and so luxurious.'

Certainly the life of a successful professional is enough to spoil a man, if anything will. Feasting and flattery, and a sudden elevation to a degree of intimacy with those above them—an intimacy unknown save amidst the warm enthusiasm and the genial fellowship of the sporting world,—this, bear witness the rooms of Oxford and of Cambridge,

bear witness Etonians, Harrovians, ay, and many a town in England that has cheered the All England Eleven as they drove through their streets, to say nothing of the ever-memorable ovation from colony to colony granted to the Australian Eleven,—this is enough to turn the heads of vain and fickle man.

And then, how sad, after all this prosperity, to see, as we have seen, the same men in poverty and wretchedness. Yes, we have a painful recollection of poor Thomas Beagley—one of the finest batsmen of Lord Frederick's day, and the very model for a long-stop—sitting neglected and alone under the lime-trees at Lord's, while the ground was resounding with just such cheers for others, in his day yet unborn, which once had been raised for him. At length a benefit was attempted, in acknowledgment of his former services; but the weather rendered it of little worth to him, and time after time we saw him looking more threadbare and more pitiful, till at last a notice in 'Bell' told us what Thomas Beagley had been and what, alas! he *was*.

'Do you see that old man sitting there?' we said to one of the first of the amateurs; 'that man is Thomas Beagley.'

'Beagley—who is Beagley?'

'There was a day when men would as soon have asked, Who is Parr? or, Who is Pilch?'

Let it not be supposed that the players, when past

their best, are more forgotten than the superannuated in other walks of life. Benefits are of frequent occurrence; noblemen and men of fortune have found places on their estates for more than one we could mention. Old Beldham died last winter near Farnham, aged ninety-six. Not long before, the old man was invited to Lord's, and received with all honours in the pavilion; he was also advertised as expected at the Oval, to increase the attractions of a match between the old players and the young.

It is nothing to remark that such men are improvident; all classes are notoriously, and we had almost said necessarily improvident, whose lot is that of too much to-day and nothing to-morrow. Few of the professionals have a shilling left when winter has drained their store, and the spring has come again with new engagements to the public schools or county clubs. Yes, and some of the same Australian Eleven, who, happily, landed with money awaiting them in the bank, would, but for that happy trip, have been borrowing as many pounds to start with on some club engagement for the season, as they then had hundreds to their credit awaiting them in the bank.

These are the ups and downs in the life of a professional that should make us one and all regard them with interest, and with kindly sympathy, while we flock to the annual match between the

two Elevens of England for the benefit of the cricketers' fund.

Clarke was a clever fellow to originate the All England Eleven. The term was, about 1849, first thought of, to make an interesting match at Lord's; though in 1805 there was a match between 'the twelve best' against 'the twenty-three next best'—a match curious, from two particular circumstances: 1st, that Lord Frederick Beauclerk was the only amateur included among 'the best;' and 2ndly, because one Barton, classed as 'next best,' carried out his bat for a score of 87.

After the said match, about 1849, Clarke, to the surprise of all, was announced as about to head the same team to annihilate Eleven of Northumberland.

'Shame, shame, Clarke!' cried Mr. D., 'they are not worth beating!'

But then the truth came out—double numbers, sixteen, or fourteen, as the case might be, was running in the inventive mind of Clarke. 'It is a-going to be, Sir, from one end of the land to the other, you may depend upon that; and what is more, it will make good for cricket—it will make good for you as well as me: mark my words, you'll sell cart-loads of your balls where you used to sell dozens.'

This was very like the speech of a man who makes a move in his generation; and such was Clarke's confident reply. And whatever the truth may be of balls, that man must want the eyes of

observation who has not traced the spread of cricket, even in that stock of willow wood, all cut and dried for bats in prospect, which year by year is growing, out of all resemblance to the small supply we once remember there, on the south-east corner of Lord's.

Talking of cricket stores, the amount of business done is really something worthy of the trade of this manufacturing generation. The toy trade has long been considerable. A certain member once said in Parliament, he had seen whole stacks of dolls' legs, and other large stacks of arms to correspond, with drawers full of eyes to make the same little ladies duly interesting; so, why should not cricket stores be considerable too?—certainly the trade is now world-wide. 'The Cricket Field,' we are proud to say, has circulated in all four quarters of the globe.—In short, the trade in every kind of cricket implement sympathizes with the fortunes of the human race. 'The Indian mutiny,' said F. Lillywhite, 'is hundreds out of my pocket. The Crimean war was not half as bad; the trade with the colonies is so large.'—Wisden, as also John Lillywhite, divide the home trade with him; and the name of Frederick Lillywhite is fast being known in foreign parts for bats and balls worth playing with; and good cricket implements, every officer knows, are rare indeed so far from England. No wonder: the agent claims his percentage from the colonist; he also claims another

drawback for his custom to the manufacturer; till at last fifty per cent. squeezed from the price by the buyer is made up in low quality by the seller. However, this system kills itself; and F. Lillywhite wisely tries to make his brand worth money, and thus to attract special orders for his goods, and his alone.

The said Frederick Lillywhite has the credit of invention as well as Clarke. His printing tent, with cards correct up to the last wicket, of which he sells sometimes above twenty pounds' worth in a single match, is quite the go-ahead character of the present day; while his 'Cricket Register' is so far identified with the interests of the school and university clubs, that we may wellnigh account the whole machinery as part of that 'British institution,' which 'Tom Brown' accounts the game of cricket now to be.

One word, lest we should seem to depreciate the social status of the All England Elevens. The professionals do not all play for profit: there are always some who choose that opportunity of securing a little more cricket than their private resources could afford. The names of Mynn, Felix, H. H. Stephenson, Daft, Anderson, and Grace will readily occur to all who know the history of the game. The All England Elevens, like the Brighton and Southampton coaches of old, will ever prove an attraction as long as men are inventive in combining the pleasures of life with the means of living.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOL MATCHES IN GENERAL, AND THE LATE (1863)
HARROW AND ETON MATCH IN PARTICULAR.

BUT we must not forget the most amusing of all matches, 'the school matches' annually played at Lord's. These *school* matches have been played, as regards Eton and Harrow, with only occasional intermission, since the beginning of the century. Eton played Harrow one match in 1805, when Lord Byron played for Harrow. This was played at Thomas Lord's first ground, where now is Dorset Square. But the matches at Lord's between Winchester and Harrow date from the time that the Messrs. Wordsworth, brothers, were commencing a distinguished career, the one at Winchester the other at Harrow.

But to speak of 'the school matches,' as now understood, at Lord's, though Winchester for nearly thirty years played usually one, and sometimes both schools, we must confine our attention to Eton and Harrow.

Time was when Eton could be sanguine of suc-

cess. Of late years, they have been pleading that 'the boats' draw all the bone and sinew of the school, and all 'the big fellows' away from the cricket field. The truth is, it was at one time remarked that the Etonians had been 'taking it easy;' and we were sorry to hear that a certain *dilettante*, and indeed a listless and effeminate style, was creeping into Eton, as if manly exercise were too much trouble, and unworthy the ambition of the rising generation. This we much regretted, and would observe, that all who would succeed in the head-work of life must also learn to unbend in play. Sir R. Peel deemed shooting, as the Duke of Wellington deemed hunting, no loss of time. Indeed, a real fondness for such sports will alone avert the untimely fate of a Follett, and that of others we could mention, who failed in body, when almost unequalled in their powers of mind.

Meanwhile certain 'old fellows' of Harrow, men of the highest distinction for 'coaching' the young ones, have been training the Harrovians. For real knowledge of the game in all its parts, and good generalship, no gentleman would gain more votes as a representative than the Hon. F. Ponsonby; and when we add to his guidance and encouragement that of the Hon. F. Grimston, Mr. Haygarth, Mr. V. Walker, and other old Harrovians, who for years past have been the models

and the Mentors of the school, we need not wonder at the superiority of Harrow cricket.

And here we stop to give a hint to all public schools, and to all trainers of School Elevens.

Training has been too much confined to batting. Batting has been taught with as much regard to cut and thrust, to attitude and to position, as even fencing. Old Lillywhite, in training the Wykehamists, went one step further. He said, 'Attend to your bowling, and your batting will almost take care of itself.' Yes, he even went so far as to train a wicket-keeper; but the sphere yet open for improvement is Fielding. The out-play in cricket is far more interesting than the in-play; and, if you calculate running your adversary out by dashing in and quick return; frightening the next man into steady running; and above all, giving confidence to your bowler, while you save what would be runs—the effect of fine fielding is often half the score. We would advise therefore, that every man should first practise as long-stop; then that he play the same part under the disadvantages of standing some yards to the right, then to the left; and then practise crossing the ball diagonally, and the same at full speed, and always returning with a good throw. Then each should practise throwing to a wicket-keeper, under every disadvantage of haste and quick return. But, above all, the most dashing play to behold

is when a man runs into a ball, not (as is too common) to stop at the last two yards, but to rush in to the last inch, and then return the ball with all the spring and impetus thus attained. Quick under-hand return at short distances should be practised too.

Another point in good cricket consists in making the runs when batting,—a subject so completely exhausted in the 'Cricket Field' (pp. 214–221), that we can but refer to the pages of that work.

However, let us suppose the training done: the wished-for day has come at last, and Eton *v.* Harrow is the match at Lord's. The newest flannel, the smartest belts, and favourite bat—'No such bat to drive as mine, and under 2 lbs.; light as a feather'—characterizes each of the men—always *men*—who cluster round their respective captains, first of all to superintend the customary toss for first innings. 'Our captain has lost the toss, when it was for him to cry!' said one Etonian. 'Well, that is slow!—and the idea of crying "heads" to a half-crown! Really he ought to have known better.'

'Our side has won the toss: we go in first, of course,' says another. Whereupon proceed to the wickets (as once we saw) one little fellow about as high as the stumps, and one 'big fellow,' overgrown, and rather 'weedy,' but nearly six feet high.

‘Where can be the good of that young one?’ asks an old Etonian. ‘What! little Williams?’ is the reply. ‘He’s the greatest sticker we have. You may as well bowl against a barn-door as his wicket. He goes by the name of the Little Phenomenon. But just look up at the first row of the pavilion: there are two smaller than Williams, the two Waltons. Such smart fields they are—so close to the ground, they have no occasion to stoop, and hop about everywhere quick as “lightning.” Our fellows call them the Industrious Fleas.’

Well, this is a glorious day for the boys, if they never see another.

All the world’s eyes are upon them; for ‘Bell’s Life’ has a reporter to chronicle their doings, and to publish every run and every wicket all over England by next Saturday night; and that fine old fellow, Lord Knockemoff, is indulging them with an all-important talk of cautions and of dodges ‘sure to get them out,’ and is just as pleased at every Harrow score as when, before the days of his large corporation, red face, and gouty toes, he carried out his bat for half a hundred runs himself. ‘Ah! these were the days for learning cricket. The little fellows fagged for the big fellows at every school, and we were sure to feel the middle stump across our back if we ever missed a catch.’

And now the ground begins to fill. Nearly every man of the two-and-twenty has a mother, and perhaps a sister or two, and not one within distance but must gladden her eyes with her own boy,—proud of the honour of his being one of the Eleven to maintain the fame and credit of his school at Lord's. But, unhappily, the game of cricket, like the game of life, has its disappointments, and caution does more than brilliant play. 'The race is by no means "always" to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

'Big Rodwell, you know,'—as once we overheard at a carriage door—'is our first bat; he goes in next: then you shall see, mother—won't he punish this bowling, that's all. Oh! look there!—that loose ball would have been a certain fiver!—Well, that *is* a pity—Weston is caught, and Rodwell must soon be in.'

'Here comes Rodwell,' cries the Eton wicket-keeper; 'he ought to do something. His governor drove Lillywhite up to Harrow three days in one month, on purpose to coach him for this match. Now then—look alive. Long-leg must stand deeper, and be ready for a catch—yes, and long-slip must move more round. He doesn't slip: he cuts, and that pretty hard. So—there is the place for Rodwell's hit.'

Big Rodwell takes guard; all eyes are upon him. Every Etonian longs in his soul he may be

the one to catch Big Rodwell out. One ball is stopped by his partner, and now Atteld has to bowl at Rodwell's wicket. First ball—'A fine cut, Rodwell—run away—no—stop.' The Phenomenon has it and sends it back like a shot. 'Not much change out of that,' whispers short-slip. Second ball is driven hard to middle wicket. Charlie Walton faces it like a man—not quite stopping it, he wheels round like a dog hunting for his tail, and recovers the ball just in time to save the run.

Third ball passes the wicket. 'My eye! what a shaver!' cries little Wilton; 'Atteld never did bowl so well.' Fourth ball's a shooter, and levels his stumps for 'a duck's egg' (a cipher is so called).

Up goes the ball, and shouts rend the air; during which, with no enviable feelings, the unhappy Rodwell goes back downcast to the pavilion, where every one asks, 'How was that? How did it happen?' and wishes him better luck to pay them off next innings.

It were long to follow all the fortune of the fray. Suffice it to say, cricket is never so truly played as in a good school match. The little fellows dream of it for a month, polish their bats for a week, and what with preparing pads, belts, and toggery, and figuring imaginary scores upon paper, the least we can allow them is a day. Then they

come to the ground wound up to concert-pitch, full of all that joyous energy and superfluity of buoyant spirits with which a kindly Providence thrills the breast, as a store of hope, and health, and happiness, to meet the shocks of later life.

And if the players are never so happy, neither are the lookers-on ever so happy either. Fathers and elder brothers and the 'old fellows' (of each school) shout and cheer most vociferously at every hit that is made by the one party, or every 'man out' by the other; and as to 'a near thing' in one of these matches, as once we saw, never did we witness such excitement before. We cannot forget how one honourable gentleman, an old Harrovian, before the days of tin telegraphic figures which now keep going up and up with the barometer of the hopes and spirits of excited thousands, hurried backwards and forwards from the pavilion to the scoring-table in a state of restless and rampant anxiety. You would have thought the fate of kingdoms hung tottering in the balance committed by some freak of fortune to the fingers' ends of eleven boys. Yes; and we once remember the lucky bowler chased round the ground, too modest to be chaired, by the enthusiasm of victorious Eton—a compliment this year repeated to the honour of Mr. Maitland, who almost retrieved the fortunes of Harrow, and Mr. Teape, who did the lion's share for Eton.

We alluded to the part dame Fortune plays in cricket. Considering the wide sphere for skill in the game of cricket, it is remarkable how much it is also a game of chance. When Mr. Ward made the longest recorded score of 278, he was missed an easy catch at the point of 30 !

Few matches are played without the losing side missing as many chances—all within the powers of the same men on lucky days—as would have turned the scale in their favour. Sometimes the sun blinds a man at a critical moment ; or, the wind gives a bias to the ball, or the rain—as twice with the Gentlemen and Players' match in one year—makes the ground bumpy for one party after being true and even for the other.

The long shadows of evening are also puzzling. One afternoon in an All England match, we saw our crafty friend James Dean pitching the ball exactly at the shadow of Carpenter's head, a dark and moving spot upon the ground. But the most vexatious thing is for a player to see a full-bodied amateur with lots of many-coloured broadcloth standing just in the sight of the ball, and moving as the ball comes. Why, it is enough to blind a man.

There are many other points for fortune's favours. Many a skying ball falls where the enemy is not. Many a ball meriting a wicket works aside. Many a man receives only as the fiftieth ball and after a

score of thirty, the ball that might have stopped him with no score at all.

Very much depends on the ground; a grassy ground favours a twist, a hard and lively ground favours slow bowling; then some ground if not quite level would render swift bowlers, like Mr. Fellowes or Jackson, almost impossible to face. However, the effect of chance is chiefly negative. It sends back a Parr or a Caffyn without a score; but it is not on record that any man but a good player ever made a long score against a good Eleven.

That cricket baffles all calculation appears remarkable from the following case:—

In 1841, Harrow beat Winchester in one innings; next day, Winchester beat Eton by nearly as much; of course, *à fortiori*, Harrow should beat Eton; but actually Eton beat Harrow, and that in a more hollow match than either, for they won in one innings and 175 runs! Mr. Bayley, the Eton Captain, who had done nothing against Winchester, scored 152, the largest school score ever made at Lord's, though Mr. Airey, of Marlborough College, in the year 1859, made a better innings, scoring 102 against Grundy and Brampton, the two professional bowlers with the M. C. C. Eleven.

Nothing corroborates this view of luck like a book of scores. There you see an All England

Eleven out, as at Hungerford, for a run apiece. The eleven B's with Budd and Beldham were out for nine; and at Lord Winterton's park in 1856 eleven men were out with no score at all! though capable of scoring 100 next innings. In the Players' Match of one year, Parr on the one side and Caffyn on the other added but little to the score, though Caffyn has scored 120 with 16 good men in the field, and Parr scored 130 a week later on the Surrey ground.

Perhaps there has rarely been more excitement than about the Eton and Harrow match played this year. Last year's match had been left unfinished, just in that interesting state in which it is called 'anybody's game.' The partisans of each side had a reason to give why; had there only been one hour more, they must undoubtedly have won. The one party declared, 'Our fellows were well in, and the bowling knocked off,—indeed, regularly "collared."' The other party replied, 'That's all very well; but we had made the runs, and you had yet to get them. A stern chase is always a long one; the side that's *in* is too nervous and too shaky to hit, while the side that's *out* does all the better; and you, my friends, had more than an average score to make with only the tail of your Eleven.'

This being the feeling with which the last match was broken off, 'Time' being called, no wonder

that every mother's son, ay, and every mother and sister too, with all the household, from the coachman with colours on his whip and horses' heads, down to the very team-boys, who skulked off to see Master John or Mr. William play—no wonder they greeted the day when the same struggle was to begin again. The ladies were excited beyond all description. In good truth, they had known one of those days that redeem a whole year of insipidity, and take more than ten years to forget. On one lady we called a week after last year's match, and the effervescence of the day had not one whit subsided. It was wonderful how much she knew about the game. So apt a scholar, and so learned was this lady fair in all the chances of the game, and, not least, the wondrous difference that the lively ground 'made to one side' (Eton), and her eyes sparkled, and quite a covey of caged emotions seemed to have taken wing and to be fluttering in her breast, as she impressed upon me all the reasons how and why 'our side must have won' had they only fought it fairly out. Nothing, therefore, could take precedence, not only as a fashionable but as a most spirit-stirring réunion, of the great school match at Lord's.

Arrived on the ground, the gathering we perceived at a glance was indeed a sight to see. Three or four lines of carriages, as at Ascot, were ranged all round the field, so wedged and locked

together that certain friends of ours had to leave their coachman to await his turn and come home in the dusk of the evening, and themselves but too happy to escape on foot. As to the 'ring'—the six or seven thousand of sixpenny spectators—they only found room for themselves and a vent for their enthusiasm by encroaching on the ground yards beyond the scorer's seat, where Lillywhite, driven from his reporter's box and printing-office, was too glad to beg accommodation too.

The game was full of interest to the last. The Etonians headed in the first innings, but by no such number as one lucky score might not easily rub off: still, in their second innings they cut out work enough for their adversaries to do. However, though all went swimmingly for Eton just at first, a time there was when no friend of Eton felt safe or sure that Harrow would not win. The Eton bowling was the stronger, it is true; still no young bowler can ever last when once met by an obstinate and a steady resistance.

'While Maitland was hitting, and fast running up his score of seventy and more'—it is still a lady who is speaking—'and while Grimston was like a fixture, so wary and steady as to be provoking quite, the letters of the telegraph kept running up—with an agonizing cheer all round the ground for Harrow at each new figure that appeared, I felt at length almost fevered with excitement too great to

last, when all of a sudden I heard one deafening shout, and Maitland, amidst vociferous cheering from the Pavilion, walked away, the last hope of the Harrovians gone, both caught and bowled by the Etonian bowler, Mr. Teape.'

As to the company, there was scarcely a noble family in England that had not a representative at Lord's on that exciting day.

And was this the public feeling and so great the interest that a head-master of Eton once ventured to set at naught? Yes. For one season 'the powers that be' at Eton uttered an interdict against the annual match. No doubt there either was, or seemed to be, a reason. Some said that Etonians from Oxford or Cambridge had been known on the evenings of the match to initiate the boys into 'life in London.' Some said, more probable by far, that the two Elevens vied with each other in the feats of sumptuous hospitality at some first-rate West-End hotel. It was therefore proposed that a friendly game might be played at Eton, as answering the same purpose as the annual match at Lord's. But little did that sage suggestor know of all the many hopes and hearts that hung upon the rivalry of the one great day at Lord's, when each rising cricketer made his *début* before the first cognoscenti and judges of the land, calmly speculating on the help that the Oxford or the Cambridge Eleven, and perhaps the M. C. C., when college days were past,

would derive from this or that most promising young player. Little, too, did the recusant preceptor know what disappointment he would cause with old as well as young; how that day at Lord's was like a Pan-hellenic festival and games of old; a general gathering for all who owned Etona as the common spring of many a genial feeling, the nurse of many a noble sentiment. Still less did he reflect how that day at Lord's even old and tottering veterans in heart at least are playing too—each jogs the other's memory of such a catch or such a wicket that saved the game in the good days of old; how, *mente animoque*, 'they fight all their battles o'er again,' and cannot pick up a stray ball but they send it back with a knowing jerk, not too wise to be ambitious of showing the boys that time was when they could do a little too.

At length, however, a strong representation prevailed at head-quarters, and the great disturber of the peace of hundreds was led to perceive that other measures were due to the 'old boys,' if not the young; and the annual contest was re-established, while the hearts of thousands beat in sympathy, and perhaps glowed with some not yet extinguished sparks of that youthful ardour which once had marked themselves first and foremost, years gone by, on that very identical hard-fought field.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—ROUGH PLAY CALLED BOWLING, AND HOW TO STOP IT.—REMARKS ON FIELD SPORTS IN GENERAL.

HOW perilous must be the game of cricket ! Sports are dangerous by comparison. We have shattered limbs in shooting, ditto in hunting, besides fatal accidents in those sports, as in yachting, boating, or fishing ; but no one ever heard of any fatal accident, and scarcely of any very serious and lasting injury to a limb in any regular match at cricket. Bystanders are in more danger than players. We once did hit a ball, grazing the temple of an elderly gentleman, at seven yards' distance, with all our might ; but the said elderly gentleman, if a player, had not been there.

Certainly every man who handles a cricket ball, hard as wood, or who sees the velocity with which it is hit by a Parr or bowled by a Jackson, would suppose that the game must be dangerous indeed. But no case of serious injury is among the records or even the traditions of the Marylebone Club. Eyes have been lost at tennis ; never at cricket.

The worst accidents we have ever known have been from collision, when two men rush for the same catch, see nothing but the ball, and run face to face. The late Mr. Slade, the dentist, was obliged to bring his own art into requisition, and replace with 'hippopotamus' half a mouthful of teeth he had shed at Lord's. With the ball, severe blows have been received, but no lasting injuries. Three years since, at Lord's, we saw the son of a celebrated surgeon, while standing carelessly by the new catapult, struck a fearful blow in the face. Still, though the doctors felt some anxiety about the result, he was himself again in a few weeks. Old Beldham (he only died in last spring, aged ninety-five; indeed the longevity of the last school of cricketers is very remarkable) had never heard of any serious casualty in a match. Mr. Budd said the same. The only rumour of a fatal accident is one we heard of a solicitor at Romsey, about thirty years since, who died of mortification, after a blow in the stomach. A case was reported in the papers last August, and we remember one of a man dying the night after he received a blow on the head (neither of these were playing, only standing by), about fifteen years ago, at Marylebone; but since the said blows on the head did not kill till after much smoking and drinking had intervened, cause and effect are rather questionable. Equally questionable is the case mentioned in Wraxall's 'Memoirs':—

‘ Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., expired suddenly, in 1751, at Leicester House, in the arms of Desnoyers, the celebrated dancing-master—a man of much note and rather a useful man about the court in those days. His end was caused by an internal abscess that had long been forming in consequence of a blow which he received in the side from a cricket ball while he was engaged in playing that game on the lawn at Cliefden House, in Buckinghamshire, where he then principally resided. Death did not take place, however, till several months after the accident, when a collection of matter burst and instantly suffocated him.’ [Horace Walpole says he was hit by a tennis ball.]

We would explain to the uninitiated that players who appear to stand dangerously near, stand at an angle at which a hard hit can rarely be made. The man most in danger is the bowler. Caldecourt once told us that he was once, and only once, frightened at a cricket ball, and that was one hit back to him, when bowling, by that most powerful of hitters, Mr. Henry Kingscote. Strange to say, the same terror, by the same strong arm, and in the same position, was struck into the heart of the Rev. Charles Wordsworth. He just contrived to slip aside from a ball that would have cut him to the ground. Lord Frederick Beauclerk was frightened by Hammond in the same way ; and some three years since, at Lord’s we saw even George Parr shrink, terrified, instead of catching a powerful return from the bat of Carpenter.

This year, during 'the week' at Canterbury, the ground being rough and the bowling of one gentleman furiously hard, the men were so knocked about that Parr declared a week of such *play* (!) would put every man of his All England Eleven *hors de combat*. Carpenter was hit severely above the left elbow while batting, quite enough to show how the balls flew about. This year there has been more than usual cry of danger ; till at last—at the very end of the season, and as if to give the M. C. C. and the Surrey Clubs a hint to consult about hand-over-head throwing, which had become the fashion, John Lillywhite no-balled Wilsher, and soon after Dean gave a similar moral lesson in the case of Atkinson in the great single-wicket match. We may therefore ask, 'WHAT IS TO BE DONE ABOUT THE BOWLING?'

This is a question that must arise in the mind of any thoughtful cricketer. The dearth of bowling at the present day is distressing. We were never more painfully reminded of this than on the Surrey Ground, when that club played the North of England, at the beginning of August. With bad bowling there is no right place for a fieldsman. No man can tell where to stand when the bowler does not know how he is going to bowl. The consequence was, that the field was placed, in the popular phrase, 'all nohow.' There was fast bowling, but yet no short-slip. It was no fault of point

that he stood more like cover—no fault of cover that he stood at a good swiping distance. The field looked ridiculous ; some of the men, but for their flannels, would hardly have been supposed to belong to the game, and some one suggested they were out of the parish. Yet they were good men and true: no one could field better than a young colt called Jupp, or Mr. Miller, and Griffiths; and no men knew better where to place themselves.

Why, then, was this libel upon all true cricket to be seen with the best Eleven of about the best club in England?

‘I have stood umpire,’ said Tom Barker, ‘to more good matches than any man alive, beginning at Lord’s about forty years ago, and I never saw the batting beat good bowling yet.’

The truth is, bowling is one of those things that we must have good or none at all. And as to the term *good*, the first point is, that it should be straight, because then, as old Lillywhite used to say, ‘One might go by.’ We well remember a match on Lansdowne, when the famous Wykehamist (underhand) bowler, R. Price, was at his best,—not very long after the time that the backers of Harrow were astounded at seeing the same man, who was next day to bowl against them, practising (it was quite enough for Price) at a single stump. We well remember when the famous Mr. E. H. Budd and Captain Davidson, the neatest of Harrovian wicket-

keepers, and a good hitter too, after making a creditable stand, with some lively play, against Price's bowling, succumbed a little sooner than expected; and what they both remarked was this—'We don't care much about Price's bowling; but the only thing is, that if you miss once you must be out.'

This, truly, is no slight matter to a batsman. You can't help caring for a bowler when his bowling, somewhat fast withal, is of this deadly-lively kind.

'Stick them well in to the shady side of the middle stump,' said one of Price's school, 'and a man has not much elbow-room to hit with.'

We could tell him, also, that a ball dead on the middle stump, like an arrow coming straight to the eye, is all the more dangerous, because difficult to see; whereas the slightest deviation affords you somewhat of a side view (not foreshortened), and thus helps the sight of the ball.

Let it be granted, therefore, that straightness is the first thing in bowling. We admit that when round-arm bowling was first introduced, the few straight balls endangered the wicket, and the many loose balls went unpunished. We can remember the time when leg-hitting was a new invention, and when the old style of cutting would not answer for the off-balls, and when a 'short-leg' would have nothing to do. Days were those when the bowler could pelt away experimentally at the wicket; and

we could mention one match when wides, then very numerous, and byes made up no small figure in the score.

But now all is changed : the advantage of round-arm bowling is almost if not quite gone. There is now a hit for every kind of deviation : it is truly a case of *medio tutissimus* with a bowler, for he is only safe not to be hit when he is, where he ought to be, dead upon the wicket. Now, straightness being, in the present state of batting, utterly indispensable to make fielding anything better than leather-hunting, and to save batting from being a severe infliction both to wind and limb, the question is—How is straight bowling, or bowling proper, with that command of hand which calls headwork into requisition,—how is this most likely to be procured ?

The members of the Surrey Club laudably and meritoriously are trying every 'colt,' and are offering a fair stage and no favour to every rising cricketer. The Surrey Club has brought forward good hitters and fine fieldsmen,—we will not say good batsmen, because they have had little bowling to call good batting out ; they have had little of that persevering system of attack which used to compel nearly every man to play straight, at all events, if he did nothing else. Still, you cannot see such men as Griffiths, Mortlock, or Sewell, without suspecting that the only qualities they want would have been developed under a less lax

and a severer kind of bowling. How is it, then, that all the encouragement of the Surrey Club aforesaid, has scarcely brought forward one first-class bowler?

We think we can suggest an answer. The Surrey Club may fairly reply, that even the two All England Elevens, traversing from north to south, have neither of them recruited their side with a veritable bowler for these last four years; so, it is almost more than you can expect of the Surrey Club to have monopolized a whole bowler to their own share.

Now this is a very reasonable answer—That a perfect bowler, like a perfect orator, is the creation of a happy generation, and not to be found even in every county.

But, let us go one step further: Why is a bowler so rare, when batsmen are so numerous? Why are they even scarcer than respectable wicket-keepers, whose hand and eye exemplify a combination hard, indeed, to find together?

The answer is, Because the style and form of modern bowling is so unnatural—so inconsistent with the easy and the ordinary play of the arm and muscles, depending on an extension of arm and leverage so fruitful in deviation—that not one man in a thousand is so constituted as to have any control over his hand with so loose a delivery. Nature has made the arm work one way, and you try to

make it work another. Keep your hand low and near your side, as in the old style, and your muscles play true and easily; raise your hand above your head, as Willsher does, and as old Lilly used to do when he was deadly accurate, and the muscles here also have some degree of satisfaction: but try to use the arm between these two points of elevation, and you feel your disadvantage at once.

It is no answer to say there have been one or two men in ten years who could thus use their arm, and bring round-arm bowling to perfection: for how very few these men have been! and of these few only read the history, and the secret of the scarcity of bowlers will seem plainer still. Of all round-arm bowlers, the most accurate was the most unfair—that is, the highest,—the least like the style of bowling desirable to be encouraged. Most truly did Caldecourt say of Lillywhite—‘It is only when you let Lilly bowl as high as he likes that he beats all that ever did bowl. His hand is often so high that it is only because he happens to be a very short man that the height escapes notice. Let a tall man raise his hand like Lillywhite, and he would not be tolerated for a day.’

Add to this, Lillywhite had that peculiarity of conformation that his throwing, as from long-field, and his bowling when at wicket, it has been observed, were very much alike. From all which we

infer that the case of Lillywhite proves little indeed as to the practicability of finding many round-arm bowlers.

Tom Barker sagaciously remarked, that even if we have seen good round-arm bowlers, the present race of cricketers are too apt to forget that Lillywhite, Broadbridge, Cobbett, Hillyer, and others, began as underhand bowlers first, and raised their hand wider and wider by degrees. It may be that even they would have been spoilt had they tried as men try now, nothing but the round-arm bowling from the beginning.

We are well aware that it has been very properly suggested that by the All England matches the best bowlers are overworked, and a formal and mechanical style results, without the spice and the liveliness of first-rate bowling.

True ; but this does not meet the present question. We are not speaking here about the good bowlers who become indifferent ; we are simply inquiring why so very few bowlers out of the thousands who play cricket ever were good.

Take the case of penmanship. Suppose that the fashion were to write with our toes instead of with our fingers, we should be at no loss to account for failures, even although some men with their toes have written very well. The absurdity of expecting either power or accuracy from an extended arm, seems almost as transparent to any man of common sense.

What, then, is to be done?

That something must be done is very plain. Underhand bowling, called by the name of Slows, appears in every match, and generally very bad underhand bowling it is. For the most part it succeeds, if at all, because bowling that is bad is always apt to betray a man into batting that is worse; or we may say it succeeds, because the round-arm bowling of the side is sure to go for runs, and a little childish bowling, like an occasional full-toss or sneak as of yore, would possibly do something in the way of luck or misadventure.

Nearly all the present underhand bowlers pretend to what they never originally learnt to do. Mr. V. Walker was long considered the best; but that gentleman adopted the same style from the first in a business-like way. Tinley, perhaps, comes next. He also has had much practice; but we rather think that, like Parr, he took it up as by a hint from the success of Clarke, and has not the advantage of being thoroughbred.

Mr. E. H. Grace, at Canterbury, with his underhand bowling, had his name in the way-bill for every wicket; yet even with him the round-arm bowling had been the rule, the underhand a late exception, and in the same innings he used both.

Now, as to Clarke, his style was nothing more than a good sample of that underhand bowling which, as with Mr. E. H. Budd, Lambert, Ashby,

and Warsop of Nottingham, was the only bowling when he first began. Many persons have wondered that Clarke was never known as a bowler till he was about fifty years of age. The answer is, that all his life Clarke had been bowling in games of little note in Nottingham Forest; whereas in greater matches, as nothing but round-arm bowling was the fashion, no one ever thought of putting on Clarke.

It was perhaps fortunate for Clarke that his art was thus allowed to lie fallow till the old-fashioned batsmen like old Shearman and Mr. Ward had passed away, and thus it came out as a novelty to men used to the short-pitched and the inaccurate, of 'no length in particular,' which ever must characterize the round-arm bowling. At first Clarke took all the best batsmen in; indeed, it would hardly be believed by any scientific and well-grounded player that, with men in a Kent Eleven, you might see some men puzzled with balls pitched up almost to their crease, while some men were running in and being bowled with long-stops. For the first time they had encountered a man with the head to see the weak point in their game, and with the hand to pitch at the very stump, and with the very length that they did not wish to have.

They encountered a little more still. They encountered a decided screw or twist,—not the mere

working of about an inch—not the mere appearance of a bias from the extension of the hand—when, after all, the ball comes from the hand to the wicket (barring a break occasionally, and altogether beyond the control of the bowler) as straight as an arrow.

We were always of opinion that the bias of underhand bowling was far more difficult than with round-arm. ‘The reason is,’ said Tom Barker—‘and if you stood umpire, and were bound to watch every ball, as much as I have, you would see it—that round-arm bowling in comparison hardly turns at all; I mean it does not do so regularly, though the ground helps sometimes, and there is, of course, now and then a break; but generally it goes straight from hand to wicket on good ground.’

Clarke could put on a decided screw, and one to operate in a small compass, with a ball well pitched up; and this is more than any round-arm bowler can do—with any certainty at least.

As to underhand bowlers, scarce as they are at the present day, still out of the few we have known we have seen some worth trying in any Eleven—and what if, now that cricketers, once reckoned by tens, are reckoned by hundreds, or rather thousands—what if the many who have been poor round-arm bowlers at best, and the many more who have no sooner tried to use their arm in this

unnatural fashion, than they have given it up in despair—what if they had all thrown their energies into anything as easy and natural as underhand bowling, do we suppose we should not have had some very pretty varieties?

Yes—it was only lately mentioned to us that Mr. Ward declared, that at the time the new style of bowling came up there was no occasion for this innovation. He said he had played in the country with bowlers, unknown to fame, far more difficult to play than any at Lord's; only the M. C. C. at that day was not as ready to bring forward new men when the old were hit out of the field. We believe at this moment in the Hampshire villages you might find underhand bowlers that would astonish the M. C. C.

We are far from maintaining that very fine and effective bowlers under any system would be common; but they might seem common indeed, compared with the dearth at the present day. Why, how many good bowlers can you pretend to set down to every thousand batsmen? Scarcely five on the whole average of England.

As to underhand bowling, those who make light of it, and say that they can hit it, must remember—first, that they can hit the round-arm bowling too: men like Carpenter and Daft are rarely out but by accident, that is, 'the chances of the game,' and few games of skill have more chances; and

secondly, are they sure that they know what a practised underhand bowler can do? It is true that there was only one, David Harris, who could deliver the ball high as his arm-pit ; but Fennex had a delivery of the same high and effective kind, though not so good a bowler ; and these two could be selected, it must be remembered, from a very limited number of players. Our belief is, that a kind of wide-arm or low round-arm would, if underhand were common, naturally result, and that, too, much more frequently than where, on the principle of 'trying to run before you can walk,' youths rush at once into all the disadvantages of an extended arm.

Again, with underhand you may have any degree of spin off the ground, and spin is the very life and soul of bowling, though rather rare with the round-arm, and always most rare as the hand is high, and the delivery like a throw. And as to hitting it, take away the Cuts and the leg hits made or attempted, every Over with the round-arm, and you could afford straight drives, which good fieldsmen can generally cover.

Would it be no improvement that pads should become rather rarer, and men should talk less about the ground and more about the bowling than they now do? The Gentlemen can make at least a good game against the Players on good ground like the Oval : but at Lord's, the roughness of the

ground makes their inferiority as to bowling more telling by far. When a man is afraid of having the ball in his face, there is an end of scientific play.

We are well aware that the bowling cannot improve without the batting improving too; and good bowlers ever will 'teach their enemies how to conquer.' But if so, an inch or two might be added to the width of the stumps: this would cause many more balls to be played, and the game never looks as lively as when few balls pass loosely into the hands of the long-stop.

It must not be forgotten that the original intention of the round-arm was to facilitate good lengths and rising balls, the calculation being, 'Never mind a few loose balls, for few men can hit them.' But now all is changed: the loose balls can be hit, and you had better bowl anything than balls that would not hit the wicket. We could name some of the best judges of the present day who believe that such underhand bowlers as they remember would do good service in a first-rate match; and if so, what might we not expect if no one practised any other style? Why, almost every cricketer would then be more or less a bowler, when the action proved so easy and natural; and, if we consider the strong frame, the set rigidity of figure and untiring action that marks the working man as a kind of machine in whatever he makes his daily work, we may believe that professional underhand might be rather formidable.

We remember two millers taught by the late Sir W. Dixie to bowl: they bowled like two catapults, the arms of each working with one constant and unswerving swing, like the shaft of a windmill, from the first ball to the last, and they beat the Leicester Club with their round-arm bowling and all. We have lately heard from a friend, that he has been surprised by many such bowlers among the rustics in Hampshire.

All this we say on a presumption that the game cannot remain as it is. No one can say that the batting is too good for the bowling, when the bowling deserves the name; for good bowling is not hit now, any more than it was twenty years ago. We ought rather to say good batsmen are multiplied much faster than good bowlers; indeed, so scarce are bowlers, that the best are overworked and used up before half the season is passed—some half-a-dozen men doing almost all the work in all the first-class matches that are played in England. And we emphatically maintain that bowlers must ever be scarce, while the style is such as to defy and daunt the efforts of any man who uses his muscles as nature intended.

As to veritable ‘slows’—that is, balls tossed up in the air, and hardly reaching the long-stop—these are childish and absurd. If these were general, no full-grown men would care to play such kind of cricket. This is not imitating Clarke,

CHAPTER X.

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE (1863).—GENTLEMEN PLAYERS,
WHEREIN DEFICIENT.

WHY can't the Gentlemen beat the Players ?
We should like to modify this question and put it thus :—

Why are the Gentlemen so frequently beaten, not having won the match since ' Mr. Kempson's year,' just ten years since ? Why is it so apparent to every one who looked on at the match just lost, that the same side would, on the same ground, have won nineteen matches out of twenty ?

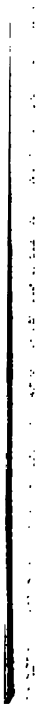
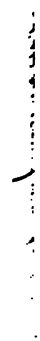
In stating this opinion we speak on a supposition of the habits, hallucinations, and inexperience of the Gentlemen remaining (which they would not do) exactly the same.

The old solutions of the mystery, though very sensible, are not quite enough. We hear that the Players can muster more nearly their best eleven than the Gentlemen can ; though we hear nothing of the fact that the Gentlemen may select from thousands, while the Players comparatively are as tens. We hear, also, that ' it is the bowling that



HAYWARD.

CARPENTER.



does it,' with too little allowance for the fact that the Gentlemen are generally used to the Players' bowling while the Players are comparatively unused to the bowling of the Gentlemen.

Now we freely admit that the bowling has much to do with the constant defeat; but we must deny that it accounts for the wide difference so glaring as the score papers, not only of the last match, but of the matches played regularly since 1835 (1838 and 1839 excepted) and three times with odds; as with two bowlers given, or 'barn-door' wickets to bowl at, as in 1837, or 'players under thirty,' as last year.

The very wide difference in the scores we account for in the manner following:—

1. That Lord's ground, while very trying to all players, even the oldest if not accustomed to it, is doubly trying to all young players.

On this point we invite all old players to revive their youthful recollections, and to say whether our own experience has not also been theirs too. Surely we all must remember that when very confident of scoring on our own ground, we have been sadly disappointed when playing elsewhere—perhaps when taken away from home in the plenitude of our self-satisfaction to astonish the natives and to make a cruel example of some inferior country club.

On the Oxford ground I remember we had good

clear light, but when once opposed to Mr. Budd at Purton, I saw three or four shades of a dark belt of trees on every slow ball he delivered: and the ball came provokingly dropping in high curves, just as if to mock my unhappy eyesight. But strange fancies as to ground, and even an objection to wickets pitched diagonally, is not peculiar to 'colts;' for I remember when, in 1838, I came to Lord's to play the 'Left-handed men of England v. the M. C. C.;' and Mr. Aislaby had pitched the wickets up and down, instead of, as usual, across the slope, even the oldest players began to grumble at being put out of their usual way, and the wickets were changed!

Our friends will readily recollect, from these instances, the extreme sensitiveness of young cricketers on any little local peculiarities to which practised players are indifferent. The value of a cricketer in an eleven is commonly estimated by his play alone; but much depends on a certain amount of experience; for experience alone will give him an intuitive perception of the quality of the ground, and the power of adapting his play to every variety of circumstance.

If this is true anywhere, nowhere is this experience and this versatility required as much as at Lord's; for not only do young men play more ambitiously, as affected by the *cognoscenti* in the Pavilion and the presence and cheers of thousands,

than Players do, but the ground is very peculiar as to the timing—it varies even from day to day; a rainy night having many a time made the game all against the one party and all in favour of the other. But at all times, the batsman must expect a greatly increased bias from the slope, and even a greater bias at the upper than at the lower wicket. The unevenness of the ground also renders indispensable—what is very rare with that brilliant hitting which is so apt to be learnt, because it may answer well, on true ground—I mean the habit of watching the ball right up to the bat, and not playing to the pitch only. To hold the bat for the ball to hit it, is quite fatal at Lord's, and not very wise play anywhere.

But next, I must be so bold as to maintain that the Gentlemen are beaten in the batting also. They play rather a showy than a winning game; and here again Lord's ground renders the steady game of the Players more winning and the fast game of the Gentlemen more losing than would elsewhere be the case. 'If a ball takes to shooting,' said an old player before the game began, 'I know three or four of the best of the Gentlemen who will not stop it; they may stop an odd one or two, but they are no good against what I call shooting bowling.' This was said by a man who appears to us always to follow the rule which we claim to have been the first to publish: he *eyes*

every ball as if it would prove a shooter, whereas others are all for the rise, and think it 'hard lines' if it shoots.

The truth of this player's remark was very evident from the style of the play of —, but we will avoid names, especially as the play of the same gentleman was, in many respects, a treat to see. But Mr. C. D. Walker and the Hon. De Grey looked more the sort of play for Lord's; they looked as if defence was first and hitting was second. Mr. V. Walker's innings was also delightful to see on the second day, as was also Mr. Wright's, and on the first day Mr. Benthall's; all these players 'looked like business:' but there is a certain sanguine style which we recognize at a glance as not 'the winning game.' No. A severe system of defence and rigidly straight play—expecting every ball to be straight, and every straight ball to prove a shooter, is the play for Lord's. With any other style, a man may have a brilliant innings sometimes, but he is the wrong man to oppose to Jackson, Willsher, and Tarrant on Lord's ground. On the Oval, each of these players being very plain bowlers, and fast bowling being easy enough on very true ground, an amateur has an easier game. For there, three days after the match at Lord's, Mr. Mitchell scored (with only one mistake) seventy-five runs against three of the best bowlers of the day, Hodgson, Atkinson, and Willsher.

The fame of Mr. Grace rendered all the field anxious to see him : but the opinion of good judges before the game commenced, was, that Lord's was the very worst ground for him ; and we suspect that if he played regularly at Lord's he would modify his present style of play, for he depends too much on the eye, and that is a game which was never yet known to answer long. Griffiths has this year added a straight bat to his well-known power of hitting. We strongly recommend Mr. Grace to do the same. We believe as fully as any one that there is an unusual power of cricketing in Mr. Grace. But however keen the eye, and however great the natural quickness, cross play will not answer, but the breadth and length of wood that moves between the bowler and the wicket will tell at last. A distinguished member of the Surrey Club suggests that, as a means of shortening the innings, a quarter of an inch off the width of the bat would make a very great difference. But what is a quarter of an inch to the loss of wood resulting from a slanting bat ?

One disadvantage of the Gentlemen is that they feel a faster game is expected of them. They have learnt a variety of hits, and they are impatient to bring them into requisition. There is more invention in their play, and while it lasts it is infinitely better worth seeing ; but when every old cricketer feels certain that the more freely they

are hitting, the more liable to be betrayed into some wild play, and the less prepared they are becoming for a fast shooter, the admiration of the spectator is apt to be damped by his regard for the score.

Again, there are two kinds of play which we must endeavour to explain. Excuse our philosophizing when we say the Law of Habit reigns supreme in cricket. Take Grundy, Parr, and Carpenter. I would almost stake my fortune on the fact that any one of these three men will play the same ball in the same way from the beginning of the season to the end. They have formed so rigid and inflexible a habit that they seem almost like automats in this, that they do not seem to have the least notion—to say nothing of any temptation—of making positively wild or foolish hits. Experience has placed certain dangerous modes of play altogether aside. They have seen and suffered for certain things so often that they are never to be thought of more.

This *habitual* play characterizes the Players' game,—partly because they are more experienced and have been punished out of many wild practices, but more especially because they are less inventive or experimental than men of education. The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton is undoubtedly a fine player, but for playing under the difficulties of Lord's we should like a little more of the Grundy

look about the generality,—as if their energies were concentrated on defence, and the hitting were second in their minds. In the second innings no less than four of the Gentlemen lost their wickets, if not by making up their minds to swipe before the ball came, at least by a kind of play equally wild and equally beyond their better judgment—and why? Because their style of play is not *habitual*—it is not set or fixed as the natural and inflexible principle of their cricketing existence. Resolution to play steadily is not enough; habit is the stronger principle. What a man is used to do that he will do. Our Oxford friends may illustrate their ethics from the cricket field, and may discover they have a ‘law in the members’ too strong for the ‘law in the mind’—in plain English, You never can depend on eleven amateur batsmen not to have four or five at least among the number who will be suddenly betrayed into some wild trick which no professional would ever dream of.

This want of confirmed habits of play marks the difference between young players and old. There are certain ways of being out unnecessarily—*ten* at the least—dangers which Pilch would avoid even if he played at sixty years of age. And these ten foolish tricks make such a set-off against play in other respects the most brilliant, that I am never surprised to see the dull, monotonous

batting of an average professional produce a better average than one of the most dashing of the amateurs.

Add to all these causes of inferiority that 'the Gentlemen' have nerves, but the Players have none. Their powers vary more from day to day; they are more subject to atmospheric influences—to wit, the atmosphere of opera boxes and hot rooms, and not the better for cooling down by ice and refrigerators various. I am afraid of appearing to reflect upon their pluck, though in reality it is a point rather of sensitiveness, or I would say that the Gentlemen's Eleven is more subject to a panic and more easily demoralized when the game goes one way.

Influenced by these considerations, I was so bold as to say to a friend, that the Gentlemen were not beaten by the bowling only; nay, I would put Jackson and Tarrant on the Gentlemen's side, and back the Players after all. This opinion being received with amazement, I argued that the Eleven Players of England would, against Jackson and Tarrant, be worth 140 to 150 runs on Lord's, with wickets as they are now prepared, whereas the Gentlemen were not worth above 100.

A man whom many call the best player in England stood by and observed, 'Sir, I would back the Players, because our batting is much better. The plain truth is the Gentlemen do not "play the game."' (He meant 'they cannot be depended

on to play the game.') 'I can play as fast a game as any one of them if I please; but I dare not do it. And if they played, as we do, on every variety of ground and against continually strange bowling, they would soon find it out.'

He meant to say that guess hitting—hitting out to the long field before there is time to see the rise of the ball, and thinking of hitting first instead of defence first,—that this would never answer. The Player walks up to his wicket to make what is on the ball; but the very appearance of the Gentleman shows that he is impatient of every ball that is not fit for hitting.

I am quite sure that in the days when the Hons. Ponsonby and Grimston formed the Gentlemen's Eleven you did not see the same wild play you see at present. They 'played the game,' and much of the present hitting was then not practised, not because they could not do it, but because it had been tried and not found to answer. The bowling of Lillywhite, Cobbett, Redgate, and Hillyer had that accuracy of pitch and that erratic spin about it that everything but a severe style of defence was proved a loss in a very short time.

The Universities' match had more than one point of interest, to *me* especially, as I had the honour of playing the first Universities' match that ever was played at Lord's, though the Cantabs, with Mr. Herbert Jenner, played once at Oxford in

1829. In 1836 among our opponents I could reckon the well-known names of Charles Taylor, Frederic Ponsonby, and Broughton ; and we should have had Kirwan, but the King's men could not play. And where, after twenty-seven years, are my old compeers ? Rawlinson is deep in Egyptian and other historic researches ; Ryle is sowing broadcast tracts and good seed of other kinds ; C. Duke Yonge supplies ammunition for the shooting-grounds of Etonian and many other 'young ideas,' and older minds too—for we had seven classmen or prizemen in our Eleven, and four at least have passed away. Goring is lost to Sussex ; Vance was killed by a fall, as both his father and his brother had been before him ; Sibthorpe, and, but one month since, Charles, the last surviving son of Lord Frederic Beauclerk, are numbered with the dead.

In the two Elevens we recognized by their names a son of Lord Lyttelton in the Cambridge Eleven of 1838 ; Wright, son of F. B. Wright, of the famous Wykehamist Eleven, and afterwards of the Oxford Eleven in the days of Knatchbull, Meyrick, Price, Pool, and others ; and Garnier, son of one of the steadiest of our Eleven at the same date.

And what comparison do we draw of the play of these as compared with our own days ? Though in some respect *laudator temporis acti se puero*, I must admit that round-arm bowling was in its

infancy. The Cantabs gave us 33 by wides, and we gave them 14; and as to the batting, we had not above three in our Oxford Eleven who would have been worthy of a place in the same side now. Of the Cambridge players I cannot speak so positively, but I think three is as many bats as they could have supplied to a side as good as played this year at Lord's. However, a year or two later made a great difference, Oxford having Mr. Lowth, who bowled successfully against the Players, and Mr. Charles Taylor having several in his Eleven nearly as good as himself. Still the play of this date must not be underrated, because the M. C. C., with Cobbett, Lillywhite, and Bailey, nearly at their best day found men at both Universities to score from 30 to 50 runs,—a score far too many for anything but good play.

As to the Universities' contest on the 22nd of June, in the presence of some six thousand spectators, every one was speculating on the probable result of the match,—a point on which there was scope for arguments on both sides. The Oxonians had been reputed the stronger; still, the achievements of the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton against the Surrey bowlers gave quite as fair a promise as anything the Oxonians had done against the Marylebone; and as the Cambridge had first innings they were rather the favourites with the betting men. Neither had the game commenced above ten mi-

minutes before things looked very fair for Cambridge. The Hon. T. De Grey and Mr. Tuck were opposed by Messrs. Teape and R. C. Walker; and so well did they play the bowling, which was very good, that 17 were scored without loss of a wicket; and well knowing that in cricket the 'first blow is half the battle,' we were almost afraid the bowling might be collared at the first throw off. But then there came an important change. The Hon. T. De Grey was caught cleverly at short-leg; his successor, Mr. Marshall, brilliantly caught by Mr. Haygarth, undoubtedly a first-rate wicket keeper; and soon such fractions as $1\frac{2}{7}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{5}{4}$ spoke of a different state of things.

And now Mr. Daniel, known as a fearful hitter, and the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton were partners, and the Oxonians, fearing a stand made by two such men, replaced Mr. Teape by Mr. Scott, a left-handed bowler much faster than Jackson, whom, on rougher ground, even Grundy seemed to play with his chin high in air. This change proved successful. Mr. Daniel's wicket and his successor's fell by two successive balls; and then Mr. Scott bowled wides enough to shame his side into taking him off,—though to win the game I should have kept him on, for no one could do anything with his balls. Still neither in length nor straightness was there anything to recommend it. On smooth ground it would be worth very little.

The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton ('not out, 19') played very like a player—steady and judiciously, in a style that showed more cricket than all the swiping in the match. But his side was all down for only 65. This seemed very small; but the sodden and deceitful working of the ground, old players remarked, might puzzle the other side also.

Messrs. Walker and Garnier, whom we deemed especially likely to feel at home at Lord's, began well to the point of 17, when Mr. Garnier was beautifully caught at short-slip: next came Mr. Wright—'Wright of Rossall School'—a name by which that gentleman was known after his score of 50, made quite like a player with the utmost ease and no mistake, in the North and South match last year. Wright was the man we would have backed, especially at Lord's, at choice against any one of either side; but 'the Fates forbade:' he was bowled at once by one of Mr. Plowden's slow balls: and now the wickets, like those of Cambridge, fell apace. Mr. Evans made a stand for 25 fortunately, though Mr. Plowden took a wicket with almost every ball that could have hit one—how, or why, we did not understand. The talk of the Pavilion was that 'he had established a funk,' with the usual disasters consequent on all demoralized and panic-stricken forces. But we think there was no little luck in the matter. For slow bowling working remarkably on that damp

ground, as Mr. Plowden's did, it is rather dangerous to play back ; still, very few players do we ever see playing ' slows ' forward and getting at the pitch of them till they have waited an Over or two to get their eyes open ; and, luckily for Mr. Plowden, before that desirable object had been arrived at, he had settled his man. The Oxonians came out in a minority of 7 runs.

Still, it was evident that the Oxford side had the better bowling, and we looked confidently to the result of the second innings.

Neither were we disappointed. Mr. Voules and Mr. Teape bowled remarkably well ; and the ground helped the bowlers very much. With such bowling and wicket-keeping very little hitting could be expected. Lyttelton was bowled by a ball that broke down the hill beyond computation, and the whole innings was but 61.

The Oxonians had thus to make 69 only to win. Mr. Garnier, now deemed as valuable a bat as any on their side, was out for 3 runs, and the play ended for the first day.

The fielding on both sides had been first-rate. Mr. Marshall at long-stop, Mr. Daniel at long-leg, and Mr. Wright at point, with Mr. Garnier, attracted especial admiration, though there was scarcely a second-rate fieldsman on either side. Indeed, accustomed as we have been to see the professionals field,—much older men, and men

wanting that zest and stimulus which never is more rife than in our University contests,—we were struck with the difference of the activity of youth and maturer years.

About twenty is the age of the most elastic tissues. Mr. Marshall we saw make a catch at the Oval which Mortlock would never have hoped to reach ; and Mr. Tuck at point caught Mr. Walker by running in to a ball which Carpenter could not have been down quick enough to save ; and every long hit was saved for a three, when usually it would have been a four. The byes or leg-byes, which, with the best play, average 4 to 100 runs, were only 2 to 126 lost by Oxford, and 6 to 127 by Cambridge,—very good, considering Mr. Hope Grant bowls, like Mr. Scott, an extraordinary pace.

It was fortunate for Cambridge that Mr. Daniel caught Mr. Mitchell at long-leg for 2 runs. The fine innings he has made since at the Oval for 75 shows that he is in his best play. A singular thing occurred at the end of the second innings of the Cambridge side. Mr. Hope Grant was lame, and rather skipping than running between the wickets, when once the ball was handled by the wicket-keeper, and Mr. Grant three yards at least from home ; yet, to the surprise of all, his wicket was not put down. ‘How magnanimous, not to take advantage of a lame man!’ said some ; but the truth was, he owed his escape and ten runs to the

score to the fact that the wicket-keeper thought no run was being attempted !

Tuesday was beautifully bright—quite a cricket day, and an unusually large number of spectators came to see the ‘tug of war.’ Under no circumstances could any one reasonably expect to see nine such wickets lowered for 66 runs, but the state of the ground—now much more lively and true—was far less favourable for Mr. Plowden’s bowling.

The Cambridge began with Mr. Hope Grant—perhaps not a bad move. Steady play could hardly win, and very swift bowling is known to have its lucky days with two or three wickets to an Over; and though this happens but once in a season, we always have an impression that the game is on the dice. However, Mr. Grant’s, unlike Mr. Scott’s fast bowling, is of the plainest description, and was played confidently and well, both by Mr. Walker and Mr. Inge, and as to Mr. Plowden’s bowling, after one or two Overs, it was quite evident he had met his match; he was regularly ‘understood’ and ‘found out.’ Every ball pitched near enough not to be played easily back, almost as a long hop, Mr. Inge boldly stepped in to meet quite at the pitch, and, without lifting it, drove it safely and forcibly to the corner of the ground: threes and fours followed in rapid succession. Mr. Walker was cleverly caught, as aforesaid, by Mr. Tuck at point; still the same game did Mr. Inge continue

with Mr. Evans as his partner, till the scorers held up their broadsheets to say Enough,—and out of the 68 runs 48 were made by Mr. Inge.

Thus ended the twenty-seventh match between Oxford and Cambridge. Each University had won thirteen previously, and now the Oxonians have one game in advance. If we reckon batting, bowling, and especially wicket-keeping (which is rarely very good), as well as fielding, we doubt if Oxford ever sent a better Eleven into the field. The batting of both sides, with few exceptions, is open to the remark, too widely applicable at the present day, that the play seems too much accommodated to that modern race of *cognoscenti* who come to Lord's to see—not batting, but hitting, and hitting of the 'astronomical' kind; for, we observe that the higher it goes in the air the more vociferously do people applaud it.

The truth is, men bat—remember, we do not say 'practise batting'—too much. They swipe away by the hour, fallaciously supposing that they have only to practise hitting, and that stopping or systematic play (since they know how it should be done in a strict match) they can command at any time. Never was there a greater mistake; *as you do in practice, so will you do in a game*,—habit is a much stronger principle than resolution,—quite as much so in cricket as in matters of more serious consequence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT DAY AT LORD'S.—ETON v. HARROW (1863).

THE Eton and Harrow match was a day of days. Year after year the attraction has seemed greater, till at last Lord's, on 'the Schools' day,' is like Ascot on the Cup day—not *one* of the events, but *the* event of the London season. It is quite a British institution. Any man who studies English manners and customs, especially on Horace's principle,

'Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,'

would think it was more than his character was worth to keep away.

This day you saw young England in its glory. You saw small boys in swarms—most restless, noisy animalcula—with every step of the family ladder, 'big fellows,' and elder brothers of all sizes, with fathers of the younger sort—men who quite surprised you by their talk about the play of their sons; it seemed only the other day that they were boasting of their own. Of course there was the usual proportion of the ladykind. Hundreds of pretty graceful figures would you see, sitting on

their horses, with ribbons or fancy sprigs, dark-blue or light, and saying 'I am Harrow,' or 'Louisa's Eton,' as naturally as if they followed their brothers, in body as in mind, through all the scenes they seem to know so well. Each held a 'correct card,' and was as familiar with the names of Buller or of Lubbock as ladies usually are with the favourite on the race day.

I quietly threaded my way around the ring, both back and front, equally careful not to tumble over those precocious little brats who were talking like men, as to avoid the horses of their sisters, who seemed for the nonce to talk as exactly as possible in tone and topic like Harrow or Eton boys.

But the ladies were not all so sylph-like. Every thirty or forty yards I found about half a form monopolized by the superfluous breadth and crinoline of some lady that looked more Bloomsbury than Belgravian; and since nearly every one of those very important younger fry represented an expenditure of some two or three hundred a year—when would they ever earn and repay half the sum so credulously invested?—we naturally asked ourselves, what could these rural and suburban matrons want, looking so anomalous among the fashionable throng? Some we found were Eton dames and Harrow matrons, or wives of substantial shopkeepers who had thrived and fattened on the

respective colleges till they felt an interest and identity in their fate and fortunes; and not a few seemed evidence of the fact that Eton is not wholly aristocratic, but that (as once we knew) the young marquis may stand side by side in class with the son of the milliner who decks his noble mother on a court day.

Such were the component parts of the compact circle which made Lord's Cricket Ground look like the lists of a tournament, while 'behind the ropes'—though ropes unhappily there were none—almost every coronet in town might be seen on the panels of four-in-hand, drag, phaeton, chariot, brougham, or courtly waggonet, many of which were duly Fortnum-and-Masoned, and came prepared to make a spread and have a picnic between the innings.

And to a state of decidedly 'dead-lock' these carriages had soon become. One friend we saw driving innocently into the thickest, thinking, 'good easy man,' to look on for an hour and then face about and read the issue of the contest in next day's 'Morning Post.' We just saved him from the fate of others whose carriages had to bide their turn till eight o'clock. But meanwhile all bore colours. Even whips and horses' heads, as well as button-holes, showed the colours of 'our boys' school;' and we could not move around, on the usual voyage of discovery to see who was there,

without being challenged to declare our party. To Harrow we said we most inclined, because it was their turn to win; and all we wish is that every match may leave the combatants only the more eager 'just to try that match over again.'

In this way was Lord's being fast changed into an amphitheatre, when some one looked at his watch and said—

'It is about time for the express trains from Windsor and Harrow; for, as yet, only the Elevens are here, with a few stragglers, absentees, and younger brothers, with boys from other schools who look up to Eton and Harrow as the favoured of the land, but soon you will see—'

While yet he spoke there came a swarm of light-blue ribbons and of darks; every cab at the stations was crammed with 'fellows' without regard to the licence to carry, and all came racing to the ground together; and great was the triumph of the Etonians when they found Tritton 'well in,' and such figures as 3, 100, 26 on their telegraph: every small boy could decipher this as implying '3 wickets only down, 100 runs got when the last man was out, and 26 the last man's score;' and more stunning now than ever, all the usual shouting of 'Well hit' or 'bowled' was heard from those shrill pipes which, by the very degree of their shrillness, tell the time of day to any experienced looker-on.

We were standing by an elderly gentleman, an Etonian of 1812, who had annually watched the school matches till he had learnt to generalize,—knew all the phenomena, even the natural history of the biped schoolboy,—and after much vociferous shouting, yclept ‘chaff,’ our friend remarked, ‘These fellows, you will find, always get rather hoarse about five o’clock, and then we shall feel a little more comfortable.’ This proved true: still the said cheers and counter-cheers were at times amusing, though to some we take exception as not quite generous.

Cheers of encouragement are natural enough, but cries of ‘well bowled,’ ironically, or ‘take him off,’ when an opponent is not for the moment quite doing himself justice,—this is not fair in a game which depends so much on nerve and freedom from irritation. But what was ‘the unkindest cut of all’—we actually heard a jeer at one who was bowled out first ball! Now every true cricketer has a feeling for a poor fellow who, after he has been heart and soul for weeks practising, and, perhaps, picturing to himself the score he may add to his side in the great school match, is doomed first ball to hear that most painful sound of rattling stumps behind him, and, looking back, to find it true, and who then has to walk back, looking sedulously at his toes, swinging his bat in a most vain affectation of indifference, and, arrived at the

pavilion, to hear (how often !), after many a question, 'How did that happen?' his disaster attributed to the very failing about which he feels most sore !

So, henceforth remember, my young friends, and beware of all such jokes as turn a day of pleasure into pain. For, really these things were no trifles on that eventful day. There was scarcely one player on either side but had a father, mother, brother, or sister, looking on ; and not a few had the whole family tree, trunks, twigs, and branches all together, with eyes converging to 'our Harry at that wicket. See now—now he is going to have the ball.' Yes, and all had hearts so tremulous with emotion, and pride, and interest on the credit the boy should do himself before the assembled thousands, that the excitement of an election, and the steady increase of the poll, is the only event in life which will at all help one to realize the zest with which every run was added—valued as the miser's guineas—to the family score-paper.

If any one of my readers was so luckless as not to have been there to see, he must picture Lord's, resounding as it did with all these cries and cheers, turned by five o'clock into a close arena like a compact and dense ring-fence. The carriages, mixed with horsemen and horsewomen, formed, as it were, the massive back-ground. Before these were rows of forms with thousands seated, and as

many looking over each other's shoulders, who thus presented a second and a third level, while before these, again, were rows of sitters on the grass, with small boys at their feet, graduating to a fringe, or as pebbles on the beach.

In truth there were almost too many spectators for the fair issue of the fray. Every hard hit involved a kind of hunt-the-slipper among the sitters. One ball was heard cannoning from the panel of a carriage; and, how the circular glass of a certain lady's brougham escaped fracture from another ball, which came from Mr. Lubbock's bat just where we were standing, was to us a marvel. Many a ball was stopped by the dense rows of spectators for 'twos' which had else been 'fours,' though, as a set-off, the fieldsmen were in some cases much hindered by the throng.

As the game was commencing, the betting was about even, though the Etonians were the favourites at choice. The ground for the wickets had been prepared with more than usual care, though the greater part of the ground remains in the same disgraceful condition which has been so often remarked. Let us hope this autumn something will be done, [something now has been done—1865,] for we can hardly believe that any two clubs would ever continue to choose Lord's for their arena. The *prestige* of Lord's and the West-End situation will not alone secure a preference while so fair a

stage as the Oval is available. In consequence of the state of the ground, on the first day, we hardly did the Harrovian fielding justice. Indeed we feared they were decidedly inferior, but when once used to the ground, and their confidence established, one of the oldest players present agreed with us that he had never seen so much ground covered by an Eleven before. The very large number of hard hits stopped for 'singles' surpassed anything we had ever observed before.

One observation was forcibly thrust upon us—youth is the season for cricket. From seventeen to twenty is the age of the greatest quickness and elastic spring. As I happened to be standing by an old player, who, like myself, almost regretted he had left off, we both remarked that now we could indeed realize the falling off from our former selves. 'Yes,' said he, 'that is fielding; that is what we used to do, and that is what we used to be. Bless me, we are quite cripples in comparison, and half the All England Eleven compared with these fine big boys, with strength enough and spring and energy to spare, look stiff as alligators too.'

As to the game, we do not think it necessary, at this distance of time, to enter into detail, although we have no doubt that all the most successful batsmen, as Hornby and Grimston on the one side, Tritton, Frederics, and Lubbock on the

other, will remember their score,—ay, and not be above talking of it, however high their honours at the bar or the senate, to their dying day. Why, ‘old fellows’ of either school, of fifty years and upwards, did we hear talking their school match over again, with memory fresh and looks as animated as if it were but yesterday !

We shall be contented to observe that the game was interesting to the last, and ended in a state to leave both parties something to say for themselves. Each could argue, with some little cause to show, how the game would have been theirs had it only been played out ; and as to this playing out, had a third day been possible, such was the excitement, that we doubt if Lord’s would have held all the people who would have thronged together to see the fortune of the fray decided.

To speak of the various ups and downs—as the Eton Eleven went in first, the stand made by Tritton and Frederics looked at one time very unpromising. To us, especially, who looked not only to the freedom of the hitting but to the style and promise of the play, the conclusion was inevitable : —‘ If Eton men have so fine a form of play as this in the school, they will not be beaten to-day ;’ for two players, young or old, with better use of the bat, we never saw, especially considering that each stood up every inch a man. There are not five players we could mention whose position at the

wicket, in 'playing tall,' would compare with theirs. We saw no unsightly stooping on the bat; the bat just touched the ground, as if to ascertain the line of the wicket (as Hayward does), and then was thrown back with free wrist and arm, and each of these players commanded every inch of ground that this natural height would allow.

In this nervous point of the game, while these stubborn foes were yet unmoved, more than once there was a little council of war held upon the field and a change decided in the bowlers; but, as generally happens, when once the two stickers were separated all went so swimmingly as quite to baffle computation, and show their fears were vain.

But when the last man was out, and 184 were the ugly figures to go in against, knowing as we do the chances of the game, particularly at Lord's, and knowing also how rarely young players do themselves full justice on occasions so exciting, we certainly thought that Eton would have an easy victory; and no sooner did they begin to field than at 'long-leg,' Lubbock, whose fame in fielding had gone before him, seemed to be so well supported, that the hardest hits would rarely score but one. Certainly twenty byes appear to tell no friendly tale of Eton fielding; but the state of the ground and the length of the innings, 184, claim indulgence, for all old cricketers know that after an

innings has extended beyond 130 runs the long-stop is apt to flag, and then threes and fours with fast bowling on a lively ground come apace.

However, much as was the work cut out for Harrow, they quickly appeared in a fair way to do it. The Eton bowling soon seemed weak, and the Harrow batting, with Hornby and Grimston, as soon seemed strong. Twenty runs were made when the first wicket fell, and ninety-five more were made before the second fell—a stubborn resistance, which also called councils of war and many a change among the Etonians too. But meanwhile time was going on, the shades of evening were already lengthening, and ardently did Harrovians hope the same good wickets would remain standing when time was called—because then, with a little early practice, things would look most promising for the morrow. And so it came to pass that the telegraph recorded ‘174 runs for three wickets’ when the mass of carriages began to move—or rather try to move—and thus to realize something like the difficulties of the ice-bound navigators at the north-west passage.

Not a few Harrovians all that evening were speculating on the delightful fact that all the runs within eight were made; two good men were in, and six more remained to follow; and sanguine were the calculations of beating Eton, and perhaps in a single innings. Certainly the position of

Harrow was a safe one. 'Win we may, but lose we cannot. For, if the Eton score runs long, time will run short, and the game will end in "a draw."'

However, if three wickets produce 174, it does not follow, in cricket arithmetic, that ten wickets will therefore make triple that amount; and next day the other seven wickets fell for 94, making the Harrow innings of 268 against the 184 of Eton!

This gave another turn to the game,—Eton had 84 to wipe off before a run could count against the adversary!

In this innings, or rather *outings*, Mr. Buller, who had been lame, and was even allowed a runner, took the ball, and soon showed how much the loss of his bowling in the first innings prejudiced his side, for he now got by catch or bowling six wickets! But Eton soon 'got a hold.' Mr. Tritton, who had scored 91 in the first innings, added 58, when he was beautifully caught by Grimston, second to none of the Harrow field, though good men all.

This made 149 runs to Mr. Tritton's bat alone, nearly the largest score ever added by one bat in the whole history of the school matches. Mr. Meyrick, for Winchester, in 1826, beat this score by one, making 4 and 146, and Mr. Bailey for Eton, in 1841, made 152, having only one innings, but on neither of these occasions was the bowling

as good. When, after this, Mr. Lubbock proved to be in his play,—he had been caught without a run in the first innings,—the Eton batsman soon cleared off all arrears, and the figures, amidst hearty cheers, ran up by tens, most rapidly, till 201 was the balance to try the mettle of the Harrovians.

‘And why should we not have made them?—we made 67 more than that number in our first innings. Our batting would have been all the bolder for the practice, and your bowling rather “used up” by two days’ hard work.’

‘That’s all very well, my fine fellows, but we had got the runs; while you had yet the runs to get, and a stern-chase is a long one always.’

We give this as a specimen of what was said on both sides.

And what do we say?

Why, that it was a run-getting game, and 208, under the circumstances, were not so many; for, the Eton bowling was loose; there was no well-set and compact delivery about the Eton bowlers, and such bowling certainly would not improve upon acquaintance.

We call it, therefore, a very fair ‘draw,’—anybody’s game, and all the more tantalizing that it could not be played out. And as to the value of the school time,—as to the possible number of lines that might have remained unconned, or the longs

and shorts unmanufactured,—all those joyous and most thrilling hours, there was a spirit of honourable emulation, like a vital fluid pulsing through the veins, that was enough to charge those youthful hearts with energy to prompt to noble deeds for many a year to come. This seems to us as part and parcel of 'public education.'

To turn out the noblest part of England's sons before all the first families in the land just once a year, and let them feel the joys of noble enterprise, when the hearts of hundreds leap in sympathy with each manly effort,—is there any mind so narrow as to deem this waste of time? No; rather let us remember that books are but a means to an end, and few days indeed can we find in life that teach so impressive or so pleasant a lesson as comes self-taught amidst the exulting thousands who muster annually at the school matches on Lord's Cricket Ground.

The match just passed makes the thirty-eighth contest, of which Eton has won nineteen, Harrow sixteen, with three games drawn.

It is curious to observe the many players known to fame who made their *début* at these school matches. About 1822 we have C. Wordsworth, Herbert Jenner, and Roger Kynaston; about 1825 we have Lord Grimston, Captain Davidson, and Harenc, who first bowled with a round arm for Harrow; in 1827, Hon. E. Grimston,—his

son it was whose style (and effect) gave equal promise in the match described; in 1833-34, Hon. F. Ponsonby, C. Taylor, H. Kirwan, and Broughton; in 1835, W. Pickering, the best field at cover ever seen, and who invited the Eleven of England to America; in 1836, Anson, Boudier, and others of more recent times, too many to enumerate. Indeed, a leading place in the Harrow or Eton Eleven, results at once in a place in a University Eleven, and, if leisure permits, in the principal matches at Lord's.

And now we would emphatically call attention to the fact that several school matches have of late years remained unfinished. The reason is that they have been played during the school time, and not, as formerly, at the beginning of the holidays. While the same system continues, it is to be feared that the same unsatisfactory result will continually recur, to the serious disappointment of thousands, till the interest of the match will be destroyed altogether. No one can say that on this last occasion the players did not make the best use of the time allowed them. The cry was raised, 'Pitch the stumps early: begin at eleven, and the decision is in your own power.' But not so: experience shows that boys cannot be kept at the highest pitch of excitement through the many hours of a long summer day without tiring, and then the play becomes loose,—particularly the

bowling or the fielding—they can no longer play; their hardest runs come apace; and the match is as far from a finish as ever.

The truth is, there is no difficulty in playing in the holidays, unless the school authorities raise a difficulty by sending the boys home at different times. And surely the matches are of no little importance, if it were only as a meeting of old schoolfellows, and a Pan-Hellenic assembling of patriotic and congenial spirits. Masters need not disdain to encourage the feelings which find expression in these long-looked-for days.

These contests are not the mere fashion of a day. They date, with more or less regularity, from the beginning of the century. The oft-quoted match of 1805, in which Lord Byron played for Harrow on the old Lord's Ground, now covered by Dorset Square, is certainly the only match for twenty years of which the score is preserved; further scores were destroyed by the burning of the pavilion, which occurred between the first and second day of one of these identical school matches. But Lord Byron's match was only one of a series in which, with more or less regularity, the two schools from time to time measured their strength. In early days, before those facilities of travelling which now so readily transport opposing forces to the field of action, the school matches were played, if not annually, with

as much regularity as the times allowed. They were played at such intervals and with such members of each Eleven as could manage to come to London. This irregular period of the school matches extended to the year 1832. After that date the matches were played every year without intermission, and played in the holidays, up to the time that (about seven years since) the Head Master of Eton interfered. Every one of those matches was finished, and each school won, we think, an equal number,—a fact highly creditable to Harrow, which, be it remembered, at the first appointment of Dr. Vaughan, twenty years since, was reduced in numbers to seventy boys. Of course for years the numbers were much less than at present, with an undue proportion of little boys too young to play. But happily the old Harrovians, the Honourables Ponsonby, Grimston, and their friends, never lost sight of the rising players, but did no little to adjust the balance, and from the smaller forces contrived by precept and encouragement to train up enough to support the honour of the school.

During the time that these school matches were forbidden, as if to make the best of the disappointment, and to show how unwilling men were to allow that these annual contests should ever cease, a match was got up by Etonians against Harrovians, the players to be under twenty years of age.

At length the Eton Master was induced to consent to the match, provided it was played during the school time; and the Master of Harrow, believing it to be the less of two evils, concurred in the same arrangement, and allowed two days' holidays for the Eleven. This arrangement for playing during the school time the Master of Eton deemed necessary to obviate evils he apprehended from boys remaining too long in London.

While every one was inquiring how the school matches could once more be sanctioned, we claim it as our own suggestion that the Master of Eton should be requested to waive his prohibition on these terms: that each of the Eleven should satisfy him he had an invitation to the house of some friend who could be trusted to stand *in loco parentis* for the time. Now, beyond all doubt, there is many a man known to Eton and to Harrow who would enact the part of a duenna or chaperon of the male kind, and send back the whole Eleven as innocent-minded as he received them—for the no small consideration of having the honour of bringing his young friends to the ground in prime condition for the play.

We are well aware that there are certain evils against which the guardians of youth do well and wisely to beware. But no one who saw the age and manliness of these fine young fellows who riveted the admiring eyes of thousands in July

last could possibly believe that 'the will' would ever want 'the way,' or that, whether in London or at Windsor, any safeguards would avail in things without. The whole secret is *diversion*; blow off the steam which you cannot confine. A man cannot be, in body or in mind, in two places at the same time. Only excite an interest in deeds of good report, and many an ill deed will long remain undone. Once bar the river and the playing-fields, and we envy not the responsibility of masters, with pent-up spirits and passion rife, in such fearful numbers as now find a sphere and a safety-valve for their resistless energies in a healthful and a natural direction. But it were only half wise to open the playing-fields without making their pastimes popular by proposing some end worth playing for. So, the match at Lord's, played so commonly, and played *out*, cannot be regarded as any trifling or unnecessary indulgence. The match tells at once upon the sports of Eton, as those sports tell beyond all question as the only practicable safeguard against those very evils in which a few days in London are foolishly supposed to make so wide a difference.

If this reasoning were ever true, it has twofold cogency at the present day; for the tendency now is rather to effeminate and unmanly habits.

It is a misfortune to a studious man to have no diversions. It is equally a misfortune to the idle

to have no resource. With the habits of a cricketer early formed, and a confidence in superiority in one point of the game at least, many a man has had his labours lightened or his temptations lessened, who, but for so fascinating an amusement, would have nothing to break in upon a torpid and sensuous existence.

We call therefore upon all old Etonians to exert their influence to cause the matches to be played at that time only in which they are ever likely to be brought to a conclusion. Let some one or two family men meet the laudable wishes of the master for his pupils' safety, as also for avoiding any little scrape to bring discredit on the school, and we can hardly believe that any request so reasonable will fail of good results.

While speaking of youthful cricketers, we may make some brief notice of Mr. E. Grace, now in Parr's A.E. Eleven, whose remarkable performances have been quite the event of the season.

Mr. E. Grace is a Gloucestershire man, in his twenty-second year, and from childhood famed in the West Gloucestershire and other country clubs. His fielding is first-rate; he can take any place in the field, being a good long-stop, though long-leg and cover are the places to make the most of him. His bowling is decidedly useful; for he bowls underhand slows as well as fast round-arm; of his slows, like nearly all slows since the days of Clarke,

it is enough to say they have their lucky days ; but in his round-arm bowling he has great command ; it is very good of the kind, though of a very plain description.

But it is in batting that Mr. Grace has won his chief renown. He ended last season with his great innings of 192, at Canterbury ; and this season his average, calculated in twelve first-class matches, or 21 innings, is just 40 ! Of these 12 matches, 3 were against All England Elevens, 3 were on the All England side against from 18 to 22 in the field, 2 were North and South matches, and the other 4 were first-class country matches.

Such an average is great indeed ; and therefore hundreds of amateurs hastened both to Lord's and the Oval to witness the play by which so much was achieved.

But the strange part of the story is that no small proportion of old players and admitted judges were disappointed, and said, ' What ! is this Mr. Grace ? Is this the style by which so much has been done ? This is by no means the play from which we are accustomed to expect great results.'

The question is, which is right, Mr. Grace, or his critics ?

Mr. Grace can appeal to 40 runs an innings, and may say, ' It is time to adjust your standard to fit the *fact* of my play. If my style is not counted good play, it is high time it were.'

To that argument we reply that, on the same ground, we saw a gallant officer (who was wounded in the Crimea) playing very well with one hand; but is that any proof that both hands on the bat is not the more likely style to answer? No.

There is such a thing as the right, a winning style of play, though much has been done for a season or two with the wrong.

The exception taken to Mr. Grace's play is, that he does not play straight, and that he does sometimes play across wicket, and makes divers 'guess hits' hitting for the rise, before he sees what that rise will be. By this last error we saw him lose two innings, and deserve to lose a third. But even with these two innings thus reduced, his average is 40 still!

Once more: with all the luck there is in cricket, no man ever saw another make 50 runs in a good match, unless there was not only luck but good play. How, then, do we reconcile with the defects of his play Mr. E. Grace's scores?

1. Though Mr. Grace does not play as straight as Wisden, Hearn, or Mr. Trail (few do), nor any straighter than Iddison, or than Griffith did, before his improved style of this season, he plays straighter than he appears to play. His mode of taking up his bat is peculiar and very unplayer-like, giving the idea of cross-play; still many men have had some brilliant seasons without the straightest of play, and why not Mr. Grace?

2. As to his guess hits—but too common at the present day—we can only suppose that he usually is rather sparing of them ; else that he reserves them till his ‘eye is well in,’ and he has observed the uniform break or rise of the ball. One or two wild hits make a great impression on the lookers-on, and the fact of an average of 40 makes us think the habit is over-stated.

3. As to hitting across wicket, where you can neither see the rise nor command the pitch of the ball,—this play, though dangerous, is quite compatible with long scores, while the eye is keen and the player in daily practice ; though all experienced cricketers distrust such play for a continuance. Mr. Grace knows well enough when he is and when he is not ‘playing the game ;’ and no doubt every mis-hap tends to bring him down to steady play. He plays for the sport, and not, like the professionals, for a livelihood ; so no wonder if he does sometimes indulge in ‘sensation’ hits.

The great advantage he has over almost all of the great players of the day is, that he has got up his play very early in life. His skill has been attained before hand and eye have lost their quickness, or the days of superfluous buoyancy and elastic tissues have passed away. Mr. Grace played well at thirteen years of age, being one of a family of cricketers, playing together in their own field as soon almost as they could hold a bat. Add to this, he is the

right build for a cricketer,—strong and active, a fast runner, and good thrower. In all sports or feats of manual dexterity, the great point is that hand and eye be early educated to act spontaneously together; and for Mr. Grace the ball never seems too quick; and in his back play he has always time enough and to spare. But let no one suppose that fine play comes without painstaking. Though young in years, he is old in experience; for early training, proverbially, goes furthest.

We strongly suspect that many batsmen fail in long scores from want of condition, both to do justice to the eye, and also to do the running. A man out of wind is shaky and distressed, and unequal to that concentrated energy and attention on which a strong defence or accurate hitting depends. And twenty-two is a fair age for running; though men only a few years older feel a great difference. They do not recover so soon or so completely after the exhaustion of one or two Fours. Caffyn, John Lillywhite, and Julius Cæsar have severally made the scores they made when under or about the age of twenty-two, and Parr was in the All England Eleven when only eighteen. We suspect, therefore, that many a fine cricketer is lost by being put in training too late.

Add to this, Mr. Grace takes no stimulus, not even tea; he plays upon water, and smokes not at all. Cricket requires a cool head, and, above all

other qualities, concentration of the mind, as well as nervous energy; and few players are aware of the many innings that have been marred by that jaundiced eye which results from beer, or by that devil-may-care humour which is caused by tobacco, as well as by liquor of all kinds: any old sportsman knows the effect of beer on the 1st of September. The man who boasts 'he can only play after a glass,' or who drinks and smokes for mere idleness, must never hope to play with the cool confidence, the strong nerve, or the steady hand and eye of E. Grace. True, wine cheers the heart of man, and a cigar relieves the fretted brain; but surely all needful stimulus for youth ought to be found in the cricket-field alone.

CHAPTER XII.

THE 'CRICKET DERBY.'—CRICKET LEGISLATION.—THE
ETON REPORT, INCLUDING CRICKET IN 1864.

THE sum and substance of 'The Eton Report,' was that though the Head Master claimed to sacrifice all other things to teach one thing (Classics) well, that one thing was taught very badly ! But when we furthermore read that they practised cricket five hours a day, we felt a little refreshed, and said to ourselves, There's a deal of discipline in cricket—lots of 'headwork' if they play it well, a concentration of energies, a high standard of excellence, and a self-mastery which they will carry into the graver duties of life. And we proceeded to quote a line of Homer,—'the noblest rule of life,' said Sir Robert Peel, 'for any young man,—*ἀνὲν ἀπιστεύειν*'—but we forgot, the same Report says, on the authority of a capital cricketer, Mr. Mitchell, that the first thing an Etonian does when he meets a piece of Greek, is 'to get a crib ;' so we must paraphrase the line thus :—

'Try to do it first-rate, whatever it is, and always to come out top-sawyer.'

‘ So we went to Lord’s to see Eton do what Eton confessedly does far more in earnest than it does anything else—cricket,—and felt as if this were the great Eton examination-day, and as if the prowess of these fine young fellows would justify the vaunt, ‘ After all, Eton works well. Don’t tell us about a page more or less of Latin grammar: “ A man’s a man for a’ that.” ’ But need we say, we were wofully disappointed? We are not going to insist on the loss of the match with Harrow,—we are not so unfair as to dwell on the heavy arrears by which that game was lost. No. The side which goes in against such a score as 240 runs rarely (especially if there are young players) does justice to its own play; and the scores of the Etonians in the scratch match which followed between the two schools and the M. C. C. were alone enough to show that the Etonian play deserved a better account than is told by the mere scores of Eton *v.* Harrow. We allow, therefore, that

‘ ‘Tis not in mortals to command success,’

but we do look to Eton to ‘ deserve it,’ and annually to show before all the best judges of England a first-rate form and style of cricket. And in this respect we must say that, with much indeed to admire in the free and manly style in which the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton and others were seen to hit, we looked in vain for the form and the precision, the straightness and the science of first-rate play. There was

more natural talent than headwork in the Eton play.

In good batting there are certain leading principles, to violate which is dead loss. The first is, to play perfectly straight; the second is, never to run in with hop, step, and a jump to swipe. To draw in about a yard, to give effect to a hit you could play from your ground, is the most we can allow; and even that, we believe, never pays till after school days, and Parr and Carpenter use it sparingly. The third is, never to play back at what you can command forward, and never to play forward beyond your power to command the pitch of the ball,—all this is the very grammar of cricket. But modern cricketers—witness the Gentlemen's Eleven—are badly grounded. They may have introduced an extra hit well worth having; but the first thing is to keep your wicket up; for which result you must '*play the game*;' and we could name among the past, many men, less brilliant, who played far better for the score in this most essential particular.

Our complaint is, not that the Eton play was bad, but that the players did not do full justice to their talents; in other words, the form and style was defective, and showed a want of training by some of the 'old fellows.' The training of Harrow threw the Eton quite into the shade. We have not in any match this year seen better

batting,—none sounder or showing better judgment; no innings with so few mistakes as that of Harrow,—and their fielding was smart indeed.

It was surmised that this training, with all due credit to Nixon, was not only professional; more than one old Harrovian said he thought he could name one honourable gentleman 'who must have been looking on with his umbrella.' But how is it that among Eton 'old fellows,' or young Eton masters, no one has the emulation to ensure that whatever Etonians do they shall at least do well? Their cricket we regard as a discredit, not to the playing-fields, but to the school. The report aforesaid informs us, that 'learning is not their line,' though cricket is; also, that 'Etonians are too prosperous and luxurious, as a class, to feel the stimulus necessary for study.' Now, we fear the same is true of Eton cricket. To stand and practise showy hits by the hour; to take advantage of a very level and easy ground to play false cricket, without its penalties, is all very pleasant, no doubt; but when once we come to Lord's, we find that steady, thoughtful players have an advantage,—in other words, that on that great 'examination day,' the flashy game breaks down, and that you can in no way 'get up' cricket 'with a crib.' No; you must practise steadily if you would play steadily: all must be sound and habitual, easy and natural, and part and parcel of yourself.

This we write less as a hint for the younger than for the older Etonians. If proud of Eton and its memories, in that we fully sympathize, only you must prove Etonians can do some things well. It is no bad compliment to Etonians to say that we cannot endure to see them inferior to Etonians of other days; and we will promise never to be very sceptical about sound habits and head-work in any 'fellow' of the school, when we recognize those qualities in the cricket-field.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTES ON MODERN CRICKET, 1864.

WE have now had another season of many matches, and, unfortunately, of long scores too, and I don't like long scores. I like science more than swiping, and enjoy 'fielding,' but not leather hunting; and since no man ever yet has discovered the way to hit a good ball safely, when I see the ball travelling wildly over the field, I know the chances are that it has not been pitched quite as it ought to have been. When I say I enjoy Fielding, I include also a scientific placing of the men, so as to support the bowler, and to take every catch into which he can betray the batsman; but when I see men so widely scattered that they seem hardly to belong to the same parochial district, it seems to me the bowler must have made up his mind to be hit, or he would not give up the advantage of the near catches.

While inquiring why we had such loose cricket, I was told the game was altogether different since I was young,—though I only gave my bat away four years ago, having carried it out with forty

runs in the very last match at Purton ; but Mr. E. Grace, for he was some time my partner, did punish me so with the running, that I sprang a sinew in one leg, as old fellows are very apt to do, and felt worse still about the windy quarter, and nature generally cried enough, and I was seriously advised to subside into a looker-on. 'For,' said Felix, 'I used to find after forty-five, that the restorative powers were slow to act, and after being thoroughly winded I did not fetch my breath again quite as soon as I used to do, and what was worse, there was a general disturbance of all my interior economy.'

Now having played cricket, man and boy, for forty years, and played before Broadbridge and Lillywhite had quite displaced the old bowling, and having seen that the best batsmen, and also the best bowlers—witness the bowlers aforesaid, as well as Cobbett—were those who learnt with the underhand bowling first, and came gradually to the overhand bowling afterwards, I do think I may claim to know a little of the practice, as my many friends have by this time acknowledged that I know a little of the history and science of the game. I say, therefore, that one match at Lord's this year (1864) showed me that the game was not different. For the same men who had made a tedious and most uncricket-like number of runs at one time actually came down to my old-fashioned

notions and old-fashioned scores when they encountered something like the old-fashioned play. I allude to *M. C. C. v. Oxford*, at Lord's. On that occasion we had the field, according to my notions, as placed by Cobbett and Hillyer, over again. Chatterton had just before remarked, when I said I could not place a field in the modern fashion, 'Ah, Sir, if we had some of the old, true bowling, ball after ball upon the spot, the field would soon be set to rights too.' And so it seemed. Grundy and Wootton, both fresh and lively, were bent on showing that the four hundred and more runs made off them at Oxford should not be done again. They put every batsman on the defensive,—stuck them up, man after man, over after over, just long enough to let each try and prove he could make nothing of it, and then sent each back to the pavilion, to give, as usual, (for who does not?) some particular reason *How and Why* he came to be out. Here, then, we had only two men on the side, no cover field anywhere near the publichouse, no long-field On near the sheepfold, and no long-field Off down against the pile of cricket bats.—The score was about sixty each innings!

'Yes; but, at the Oval, scores with any bowling would be long.' Would they? Well, even at the Oval, we have seen true bowling, while the bowlers continued true, do nearly the same thing. And on this point some one said to old Clarke, 'You'll

be hit about pretty well at Kennington; that ground won't suit you.'—'My bowling, certainly, is easy to hit, if not well pitched,' was the reply; 'but all ground alike suits bowling that depends upon the pitch. The result justified the vaunt.

Still, as to the long scores at the Oval, there are two peculiar causes, not common to all grounds. The one cause is, that the ground slopes away from the centre. This adds such effect to every hit, that the bowler must indeed be confident of going unpunished before he can place his slips, point, and cover close up in the way for catches, and so look like cricket proper; and we see little fun in a ground that makes the ball almost run of itself.

The second reason is, that the ground is not only so true (which it ought to be) as to produce no undesigned and chance turns and twists in the bowling, but the ground is so closely shaven (instead of eaten down by sheep) that there is no turf for the ball in its rotation to take hold of,—nothing, in short, to serve as a fulcrum, and to develop all the cutting, shooting, or abruptly-rising capacities of the spin. Thus the ground makes the bowling mechanical; it gives no variety, and enables the batsman to calculate on the uniformity of the rise, and to make guess hits, playing according to the pitch instead of watching the ball.

But as regards all grounds, there is a reason for increased scores. For nowadays batting is prac-

tised out of all proportion to the practice of bowling. And this is the direct result of our present most unnatural system of bowling. Yes, our bowling is unnatural—positively against nature. Nature has given us muscles to use in one way, and we try to use them in another; and it is only by a twist and whirl of the whole body, and only by an extension of leverage wholly inconsistent with accuracy and straightness, that the arm of one man in a hundred can give speed to the ball.

Now, movements and exercises of the limbs not natural, it is very certain, are not pleasant, and there is little encouragement to persevere in any exercise when you see little hope of progress or of attaining excellence in it. In old Lillywhite nature had been very accommodating. Lillywhite's throwing and Lillywhite's bowling were so nearly the same thing, 'that in Sussex,' said Mr. Bennett, 'it used to be a joke to ask Lillywhite to stand long-field on an occasion, to see how he would bowl up the ball after a hard hit.' His truest bowling was very high. Caldecourt, the most practised umpire of twenty years since, said, 'In a country match, when an umpire lets Lilly bowl with his hand as he likes to have it, Lilly bowls a hundred times better than any man ever did bowl.' And, we believe, it is only when nature has been to some extent as kind to other men, by peculiar conformation—it is only as the exception

and not as the rule—that any man can command the ball with round-arm delivery. This is the reason that ‘the gentlemen’—men who play for pleasure—so generally leave the bowling to be done by ‘the professionals,’ men who play for profit. Indeed, you must make a business of cricket, and not a pastime only, to excel in round-arm bowling. The bowling, therefore, being confined to a small number of nature’s favourites,—and we strongly suspect that even they go the wrong way about it, otherwise (like the bowlers aforesaid) they would learn a good underhand delivery first,—it follows that these few bowlers are overworked, and their bowling spoilt. For bowlers may sometimes be irremediably spoilt by overwork. There were few better bowlers at one time than H. H. Stephenson, but after a hard season at Oxford, he lost all sensitiveness in his fingers’ ends, and could no longer drop the ball, in delivery, at the right moment. This was his own account of his falling off.

But though not irremediably injured, all bowlers lose the spin and precision of their bowling by overwork. A good bowler should be very careful of himself and not play too many matches,—one a week is quite enough,—and not to fatigue himself, by batting or otherwise, before bowling in a match. We have known a bowler spoilt for the time by a severe throw to stop at the wicket, also

by having to strain and reach, or violently to run after a ball, but more especially by a long innings. Old Lillywhite could do far more with the bat than men were aware of; and in the last innings of the match, when his bowling was done, and his side were in difficulties, he has astonished people with the stand he would make at the wicket. Yet he persisted in putting himself in last; and one, who knew him best, said that he really believed that Lillywhite avoided making runs, or, at all events, took less pains than others, for fear of spoiling his bowling.

But as to playing too many matches, that spoils all bowlers. The difference between bowling quite true and about an inch wide of the stumps, with good batsmen against you, makes all the difference between a chance of a wicket and the giving the very ball that good players like to hit. To a first-rate batsman almost a good ball is the worst ball that you can bowl. And such little inaccuracy is a trifle to a tired bowler.

But if a man can contrive to bowl true, the spin he gives in his delivery alone makes bowling difficult or effective, and this spin requires the utmost energy and freshness of the muscles; it wants vigour down to the fingers' ends. This accuracy and this spin make all the difference between the best bowlers and those of the ordinary parish kind; and the All England Eleven are

brought down to this degree of excellence, or rather of monotony and tameness, before they get through half the season. As to Wilsher, Grundy, Tarrant, Wootton, nearly every great match, county match, or All England match, must have one or more of them; so, no wonder that they are soon used up and the scores are long. Add to this, as to long scores, the game is become too professional, or too much a matter of routine and business, and too little a matter of mind and manœuvre and of every kind of dodge and keen judgment, and too little a study of play on the part of the fieldsman. For now you rarely see a man move till the ball is hit; and very little credit attaches to judicious fielding, however much men may applaud mere activity. No doubt the inaccuracy of the bowling greatly foils fieldsmen, still there is no reason men should be indifferent to the advantage of placing themselves according to the play of every batsman who comes in; for no two play quite alike.

Early in the season some of the Australian Eleven were missed, but it gave an opportunity to some 'colts' to come forward, and in these days players must expect but a short life and a merry one: a professional is now deemed old at five-and-thirty, though 'the players above forty to the players under forty' was reckoned a fair match, and we were very slow in superseding Lillywhite,

Pilch, Wenman, or Box. When the bowling is very good, and a small score is expected, and little running to do when in, and little fielding when out, George Parr, by his judicious and careful play, may still do good service; but young men like Jupp and Humphrey have usually a better claim to be chosen in a good Eleven. So, besides Lockyer, the three Cambridge men, Hayward, Carpenter, and Tarrant, were the only men worth waiting for,—not, of course, forgetting Mr. E. Grace.

Mr. Grace in Australia was rather unlucky. He landed with a bad hand, and otherwise felt the effect of the sea voyage on the bilious system, perhaps as affecting the eye. Then, his fame had gone before him, far more than that of any other of the Eleven. There was quite a crowd around him while he was practising, and he always went to the wicket under the disadvantage of a man of whom too much was expected, to let him play a quiet game. Luck did not favour him at first start, and from all these causes combined, no wonder if, on grounds very unfit for a brilliant game, he did not show quite up to his own high mark. We have seen him since his return: his form of hitting, when hitting is to be done, is as free and fine as can be; there is an energy and concentration of quickness and power, which leaves nothing to be desired as regards a hitting

game. Still his facilities are apt to betray him ; a fast game is not a winning one, and he will soon learn, as we all have had to learn in some period of our play, that a careful game pays better after all.

‘It is not,’ said one of the very best batsmen of the day, Carpenter, ‘that we can’t play a fast game and make brilliant hits like the Oxford and Cambridge gentlemen, if we please to stand up for swiping, and look out for hits first and defence afterwards, if at all ; but dearly-bought experience has convinced us that that is not the game for an average, considering the variety of grounds on which we have to play.’ Still we like invention ; we like to see a man try what he can do without being a slave to rules ; but, for all that, there are demonstrably some things impossible in the very nature of bats and balls ; and therefore we must be allowed to sound the note of warning when things are attempted beyond the powers of mortal man to do with safety, without expecting more than his share of luck. However, Mr. Grace has done his fair share in every match this season, though what he did last season (1863), perhaps, neither he nor any other man, for many a year, will ever do again,—to wit, make an average of thirty-nine an innings in twelve first-class matches, sometimes against All England Elevens, and sometimes against extra numbers with professional bowlers given !

As a speculation the Australian Eleven did very well, but not nearly as well as they deserved. *On dit* they cleared about £450 a man; *on dit* they were victimized right and left. They were charged so highly for the use of grounds that the owners virtually divided the profits of the Eleven: at one large city, out of the thousands that crowded the ground, there was a difference of about £2000 between the calculations of some of the Eleven and the returns after the matches. Add to this, their expenses were enormous: £800 was spent to build a grand stand; and the cost of advertisements to spread the news and give *éclat* to the Eleven far and wide over the colonies was also very expensive. However, considering that nearly half the Eleven would, if they had remained at home, have commenced this season with fewer pence, after the profitless season of winter, than they could now show in pounds, they have every cause to be thankful: and we hear that Carpenter and Hayward have an offer to tempt them to take out another Australian Eleven at the close of the season of 1865.

I have now two observations to make as to points, both in bowling and in batting, in which men show a great improvement if they would but be persuaded to go a more sensible way about it.

1. The slow bowling (underhand) of the present day is the wrong sort altogether. Save and except

Mr. Goodridge, who has quite the right delivery, I do not know one who tries in the line in which effective slow bowling has ever been known to prove effective. Clarke truly said that no low underhand delivery, depending on extent of twist, would succeed. Clarke's bowling twisted but little, and he used at Lord's to bowl from the Pavilion end in order that he might have the slope against him; otherwise, he said, his bowling would turn too much, and the hitter might get before it and hit to the leg.

Clarke's bowling was delivered from the hip, with a little chuck or fling from the hand. Mr. Budd's bowling, against which I have often played, was delivered in the same way; as also was that both of Lambert and of Warsop of Nottingham; and of Warsop, Clarke spoke very highly. The same delivery also had old Tom Walker, of the far-famed Hambledon Club, whose style was described to us by Tom Barker. These bowlers were all at least as good as Mr. Budd, and we can testify that Mr. Budd would bowl through a match with scarcely one ball pitched wide of the wicket, and scarcely one of a bad length either. But modern slows have not even accuracy to recommend them, to say nothing of any other source of difficulty. The twist seem everything; and yet, obviously, the greater the twist the fewer balls would hit the wicket.

Now the great difficulty of slows, besides being (as they ought all to be) 'on the blind spot,' consists in the elevation, that is, in the curve and all the known difficulties of a dropping ball. For, till the ball culminates and begins to descend, you cannot judge its length, and after it has so culminated, you have very little time for decision. The difficulty is to give the ball a good elevation, and at the same time sufficient force; otherwise, the batsman could walk half across the ground to meet it, and do what he liked with it, as with a full toss; and the only delivery which will combine pace with elevation is a high delivery, something like a round-arm delivery, ensuring a spin at the same time. Spin is necessary to make the ball *rise abruptly*, which was the characteristic of Lord Frederic Beauclerk's bowling.

Clarke told me his bowling depended on the pitch. I replied: 'It depends, also, not a little on the curves. Fast bowling goes nearly in a straight line to the pitch, and comes up comparatively straight from the pitch; but you give a man curved lines to deal with—and very abrupt and high curves too; no one can cut a curved rise correctly, nor hit well correctly to leg either, because you are liable to cut through the curve.' Clarke caught at this explanation: he had never thought of it before. To bowl 'slows' without elevation, and 'slows' too slow—and also 'slows'

without spin and extreme accuracy, is the way to bowl a match away.

2. The second observation I have to make relates to a manly style and elegance in batting. Watch Hayward at the wicket, or Mr. Fellowes: they just touch the block-hole with the bat to ascertain the line of the wicket, which is the only meaning of taking guard, and then each stands up to his full height in a commanding attitude like a man. R. Daft, Anderson, and Carpenter do the same, as also does Mr. Grace, and surely no one can pretend to say that any men in England have a better defence, or are more quickly down upon a shooting ball than are these men generally. But look at others—nineteen out of twenty at least: there they stand with bended knees, half a foot shorter than Nature made them, and without half the reach, the command, or the strength that they ought to have. Some men stand at guard with a long, flat, horizontal back, like cows; some seem to be holding the bat most desperately into the block-hole. Some stick out behind so indecently, we wonder they are not ashamed that any one should see them; and almost all are cramped and up in a heap and have their shoulders up to their ears: in a word, if you want to see a man looking at a deplorable disadvantage to any non-cricketing observer, only see him *in* at cricket.

Need we say that ease and elegance are one;

that the limbs must look easy to play easy, and that you never can use your arms and legs to advantage unless you let them move with all the freedom and composure which characterize all the ordinary gestures and movements of life? *Verbum sat.* We commend this observation to the members of the M. C. C., and entreat them, by degrees to introduce the custom, if not the written law, to put no man into an M. C. C. match who disgraces the Club by attitudes not to be exaggerated even by 'Punch.'

THE END.

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